

June Fiction

Colliers

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION,
PROPERTY OF ALUMNI ROOM.
DO NOT ALTER OR REMOVE.

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



OLD KING COLE



Mural Decoration in the Café of the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York. Painted by Maxfield Parrish

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

He called for his pipe, and he
called for his bowl;

Containing Three Stories:

"WHERE THIEVES BREAK IN"

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

THE KING OF COCOANUT ISLAND

BY FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

THE THREAD OF GOLD

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

YOU may wonder why, in our advertising, we talk so much about "all-wool," and the all-wool standards of quality which we are so earnestly advocating.

One thing we'd like to have you know; we are persistent in the matter, not so much for the purpose of increasing the sale of our clothes as for the purpose of stimulating a higher standard of merchandise-quality in the clothing business. We are not greatly in need of more business, but the makers of clothing in general are greatly in need of a better idea of quality in the business.

And the best way to create such a better idea in the business, is to arouse it in the minds of the public. When you men who wear clothes decide that you will insist on all-wool fabrics and will accept no other; when you decide that the maker or seller of your clothes must give you a positive assurance on this point, then cheap cotton mixtures will take their proper place.

We're willing to do our part of this educational work for the common good.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Write for Free Book "Care of the Shoes"

You can have this valuable booklet sent to you without cost by simply writing to us giving name and address and telling us where you saw this advertisement. The booklet gives full instruction as to proper care of shoes so that they will wear twice as long and always look fresh and new. We give away these booklets both by mail and through shoe dealers who handle our new shoe dressing. It is one of our ways of advertising the new shoe polish,

"Double A-A One"

The Best Shoe Polish

It is made of Oil, Wax and a little Dye and therefore every bit of it does the leather good. It takes a high polish with only three or four rubs of a dry cloth.

There is less work to shine shoes with "DOUBLE A-A ONE" than to put them on. While made particularly for women's and children's shoes it is equally good for men's.

100 Shines for Only 25c

If your shoe man is not yet supplied, send 25c for a full sized sample and an 18-inch polishing cloth, by mail.

S. M. BIXBY & CO., New York City, U.S.A.

An All-Around Stove

Your kitchen may be well planned—everything apparently handy—yet if there is not a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove in it, the one greatest convenience of all is lacking.

The "New Perfection" is a home and family stove—big enough and powerful enough to do all you'd ever ask a cooking-stove to do, and, best of all, it does its work without overheating the kitchen. The



NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove

is built with a CABINET TOP just like a modern range. It is the most convenient stove ever made and is almost indispensable to summer comfort.

Three sizes. Can be had either with or without Cabinet Top. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.



The **Rayo Lamp** is the most perfect all-round home light. Has large font, best and latest center draft burner and beautiful porcelain shade. Nothing complicated about the Rayo—easily cleaned, easily managed. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

The 1909 catalogue of

Collier Art Prints

contains 132 illustrations of

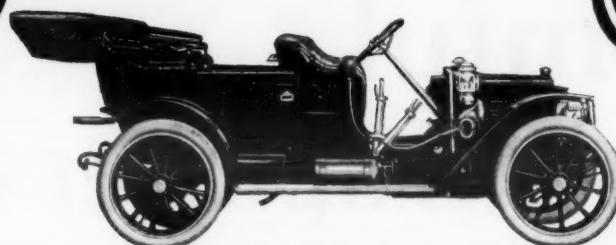
the works of Maxfield Parrish, Howard Pyle, Frederic Remington, Jessie Willcox Smith and other foremost American artists. A feature of the book this year is a series of full-page pictures and intimate sketches of the artists themselves.

For 15 Cents we will send you this Book prepaid and Rebate the 15 cents with your first purchase of \$1.00 or more.

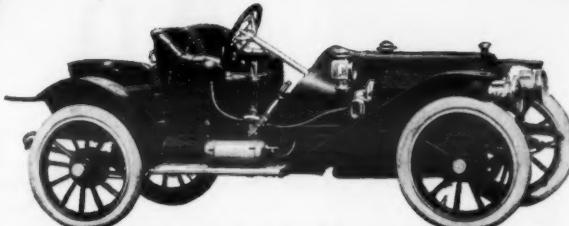
This book is a thing of beauty and of educational value—too valuable to send free—but when you realize that it contains 20 Gibson reproductions, 25 Remingtons, and Maxfield Parrish's beautiful Arabian Nights and Wonder Tales Prints, Edward Penfield's Animal Pictures for the Nursery, Jessie Willcox Smith's Pictures of Children—132 in all, it is certain you will want the book and some of the pictures as well. Mail 15c in stamps. Address

Print Dept., P. F. Collier & Son, 413 W. 13th St., New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Herreshoff Touring Car, 24 H.P. \$1500; with magneto, Prest-O-Lite Tank, and gas lamps \$1650; and with top \$1750. All prices f.o.b. Detroit



The Herreshoff Runabout, 24 H.P. \$1500; with magneto, gas lamps, and Prest-O-Lite Tank, \$1650; and with top \$1725. All prices f.o.b. Detroit

HERRESHOFF A New Standard In Motor Car Construction

THE Herreshoff Car is an expression of an entirely new idea in motor car manufacture. It is not a car built to sell for \$1500, but is a smaller edition of the highest priced cars with all their excellence and elegance, which happily can be sold at that figure. Our endeavor has been to produce a car of light weight of as excellent design and careful workmanship as the big expensive cars and built of the same materials. We have approached its production in a wholly different spirit from that which has previously actuated the small car manufacturer.

The name Herreshoff has never been associated with anything but the highest type of production. Charles

F. Herreshoff has maintained this standard in the Herreshoff Car. He is responsible for the entire design of the car, which follows the best and proven mechanical principles. In the production of the car he has employed the best materials and every detail is as carefully thought out as in the cars of highest price.

Harry S. Houpt has had as wide experience in the sale of motor cars as any one identified with the industry. For five years he has conducted investigations, taking down in the repair shop in connection with his garage nearly all types of American and foreign cars. He has expended in racing for experimental purposes possibly more money than any other

motor car manufacturer. We believe, therefore, he is qualified to judge motor car values. It is on this account that he is willing to put his guarantee behind Herreshoff's and behind the guarantees of the makers of such parts as are best made by specialists who have been called upon in the production of the car.

The car speaks for itself. No car at any price is better finished, has more grace of line, or better workmanship or material. Its power is ample to drive it at a speed of 45 to 50 miles an hour or to climb any hill anywhere. Its riding qualities and easy handling cannot be adequately described but must be demonstrated. We are demonstrating them daily.

The Herreshoff Car

THE especial merit of the Herreshoff Car is its extreme simplicity and efficiency. Every principle employed in it is proven good practice. In the ingenious application of these principles the car is unique. Use of the best materials permits the reduction of weight without sacrifice of stability. Light weight means economy and easy handling. The owner of a high powered car pays an inordinately high price for the usual service to which he puts his car when he could use a light car more satisfactorily as well as more economically.

The peculiar efficiency of the Herreshoff Car is derived from the correct inter-relation of its parts.

Each individual part is designed to harmonize with every other part. By designing both the intake manifolds and the valves to suit the cylinders, by designing the exhaust manifold and valve to relieve the cylinders quickly, by designing the carburetor to feed gas into the cylinders at the proper velocity at all speeds of the motor, the maximum efficiency of the engine is secured.

The unit power plant and simple shaft and rear axle construction, with an absolutely horizontal straight line drive, conserve the power developed so that more power is delivered to the rear wheels in proportion to the cylinder size than in any other car in the market. It has greater horse-

power per pound of weight—and larger tires and larger brakes in proportion—than any other car. These are factors of the greatest moment to the car owner. Its economy of running expense and upkeep will commend it.

As wholesale dealers, we have disposed of our entire product for the year, and we could dispose of double the number without difficulty. At our various agencies there are a limited number of these cars for retail sale which can be delivered promptly. We invite inspection of them and the opportunity to demonstrate them. Inquiries addressed to us will be forwarded to the nearest dealer.

Manufactured by The Herreshoff Motor Co. at Detroit exclusively for

Harry S. Houpt Co.

Broadway and Sixty-Eighth Street, New York City

WE ARE NOW PREPARED
TO ASSIGN TERRITORY
FOR 1910 AGENCIES

WE ARE NOW PREPARED
TO ASSIGN TERRITORY
FOR 1910 AGENCIES

The Herreshoff Car does not take the place of the big car but supplements it. The place it fills among light cars the Houpt will fill among high-powered cars. Each in its class establishes a new standard.

A 60 horse power 4 cylinder car with 127 inch wheel base, weighing 3100 pounds.
A 90 horse power 6 cylinder car with 140 inch wheel base, weighing 3900 pounds.

Each will be made in touring car, tourabout, runabout, limousine, landau, and brougham bodies. They will be ready for delivery in midsummer.

ADDRESS AGENCY DEPARTMENT C FOR CATALOGUE OR FURTHER INFORMATION

An Armful of Burning Newspapers

We have perfected a heating system so sensitive that the flames from an armful of newspapers will send a glow of warmth over every radiator in the house.

A system which insures plenty of heat *everywhere*—on the coldest day of January; and perfect comfort without overheating, on cool evenings in June.

A system so flexible, and so economical of fuel that it pays its own cost and saves its own maintenance.

And its *first* cost is no more than that of common heating systems.



"RICHMOND"

Boilers

Radiators

The Richmond System of heating represents the climax of inventive ingenuity.

Compare the Richmond boiler, for instance, with any other boiler for producing steam or hot water.

You will find that the same fire which in common boilers heats 90 square feet of water surface, heats in the Richmond, 128 square feet, or over 40 per cent more. Think of it!

You will find that instead of the cumbersome, heavy iron castings enclosing the water circulation of common boilers, there is no waste metal in the Richmond to absorb costly heat.

Strong, Even Castings

The castings commonly used in boilers are too thick in some places—too thin in others. The castings used in Richmond boilers are uniform. They are stronger than common castings, but because of their evenness, waste no heat.

The flues used in common heaters deliver

the burned gases and smoke to the chimney before it is half used.

While our *diving flue* forces the fire to travel over the heating surfaces until its heat-giving power is exhausted.

You will find that common heaters are perched on separate bases and that the cold water enters them at the fire level.

The result is that the fire is chilled and that for two inches around the edge of the fire box, where fire is most needed, there is nothing but dead ashes.

Adds Strength—Lessens Cost

The water line of the Richmond extends to the bottom of the ash pit. This water base level adds strength and lessens cost.

But more, it absorbs the heat of the ashes and warms the water before it reaches the fire. The result is that the Richmond boilers have no dead line of ashes or clinkers adjoining the water surfaces—but instead a hot burning line of flame.

There are countless other points of economy and of efficiency which are to be found

only in Richmond systems. Points of superiority to be found in the ash pit, in the fire box, in the water circulation, in the regulation devices and in the radiators and their control.

Find Out For Yourself

The selection of heating system, whether it be for a home, a public building, a factory or a business block, is too important to leave to the judgment of others.

By inefficiency it may render comfort impossible; by improper design it may run the coal bill into an endless extravagance.

Write Us

If you contemplate building, please write us for full details of the new Richmond system of heating, which saves itself on costs and pays for itself on maintenance.

Address in the West

Cameron, Schroth, Cameron Co.
Western Distributors for
Richmond Boilers and Radiators
189 Michigan Street, Chicago

"RICHMOND" Bath Tubs and Enameling Ware

If you are about to build, investigate, too, the Richmond line of enameling ware. Everything in enameling ware, from kitchen sinks

to bath tubs, which bears the name, "RICHMOND" is the best that can be made, less expensive in the beginning and in the end.

THE McCURM-HOWELL CO. 49 East 20th Street, New York City

New Address after June 15th, Park Avenue and 41st Street



FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

BOSTON, MASS.

United States Hotel Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sta. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A.P. \$3. E.P. \$1 up. In center of business section.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—only 10 minutes' ride from the city's theatre and shopping district—close to the famous golf links, lagoons, etc., of the great South Park System; 450 large, airy rooms, 250 private baths. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded parks, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing, music and other amusements. Table always the best. Orchestra concerts add to the delights of promenades on its nearly 1000 feet of broad veranda, which overlooks Lake Michigan beach. Write for illustrated booklet.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Broadway Central Hotel Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

WHY PAY EXTRA VAGANT HOTEL RATES?
CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL 198 W. 103 Street. Select. Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet b with map of city.

Latham 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

PITTSBURG, PA.

Hotel Henry 5th Ave. & Smithfield St. In center of business section. Modern fireproof. European plan \$1.50 and up. E. E. Bonneville, Mngr.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Powers Hotel recently remodeled and refurbished. A perfect first-class hotel. Sanitary ventilation; Rathskeller. European plan.

ST. LOUIS

American Hotel Absolutely fireproof. European plan. Finest hotel in heart of St. Louis; everything new. \$1.50 up. Every room with bath.

HEALTH RESORTS

WALTER PARK, PA.

The Walter (Hotel) Sanitarium Only 4 hours from New York. 94 min. from Phila., Wernersville Sta., Reading Ry.

SUMMER RESORTS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Chalfonte ATLANTIC CITY. The one suggests the other; one of the world's most famous resorts; one of the world's most attractive resort houses. The best place for rest, recreation, and recuperation. Write for reservations to The Leeds Company. Always Open. On the Beach. Between the Piers.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.



Post Cards

made from your photos

\$5.00 per 1000

Send us a photograph of any kind or size and we will furnish you 1,000 Biotone Post Cards for \$5.00.

Quadrone colored post cards, \$8.50 per 1,000 for 2,000 of a subject. These are far superior to hand colored cards.

Send 4 cents (stamps) for free samples and complete information.

Day and Night Service.

Barnes-Crosby Company

E. W. HOUSE, Pres.

Artists : Engravers : Catalog Makers
215 Madison Street, Chicago
Branch Offices in fifteen principal cities.

Collier's

Saturday, May 29, 1909



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P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

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LONDON: 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street
Leicester Square, W. C.

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Volume XLIII

Number 10

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

\$1
With
12 Blades

The best money can buy—guaranteed. Over a million "Ever-Ready Razors" shaving happy men every day. Buy and try an outfit complete for \$1.00 including 12 finest blades. Extra Blades 10 for 50¢ At dealers everywhere or by mail. American Safety Razor Co. 320 Broadway, New York

LITHOLIN
COLLARS & CUFFS

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

If you travel, wear LITHOLIN Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs. They save "carrying space" in the grip, "stop-overs" for delayed laundry, and make you comfortable. You know your collar is in shape always, and clean—or that you can make it white as new in a minute with a damp cloth. Never wilt, or fray. The same collar you have always worn, only waterproofed. All styles and sizes. If you don't travel, wear LITHOLIN just the same, and save expense.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.
Always sold from a RED box. Avoid substitution. If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Style booklet on request.

THE FIBEROID COMPANY
Dept. 3 7 Waverly Place New York

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 5

ADVERTISER AND PUBLISHER

AS you go over Collier's week after week, just remember the important part that advertisers play in connection with the paper, and this is true of all the best periodicals. Without the thousands of dollars the advertisers pay for space, it would be necessary for publishers to raise their subscription prices to a prohibitive figure. In fact without advertisers the high-class weeklies and monthlies would have to suspend. This seems like paying a big tribute to advertisers. Well, they are entitled to it.

Collier's works on the theory that a conscientious publisher should consider the revenue, resulting from increasing circulation and increased advertising, as a reinvestment fund

for the benefit of his readers, by using it to improve the quality of the periodical and the quantity of interesting matter without increasing the cost of the publication to its readers.

The 10 cents that you pay for Collier's is not enough to pay for the art and editorial matter it contains and for the cost of printing and mailing it. The deficit is paid out of the advertising revenue. It is easily understood, then, what part advertisers play, and, as we admit 'none but responsible ones, it is to our interest to tell you these things so that you may place the same confidence in them that we do.

Think of this when you go over the business section of the paper!

E. C. PATTERSON
Manager Advertising Department

A Gibson Head
IN FULL COLORS
25 CENTS

"Gertrude" is one of the most popular Gibson heads ever drawn. It is handsomely printed in colors on the best art paper, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect. Size, 11 x 13 inches, at 25 cents. Order from any reliable art dealer in the U. S. or Canada or, will be sent postpaid on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Address Print Dept., Collier's, 412 W. 13th St., New York
If you will send us 15 cents in stamps, we will mail you a copy of our new Print Catalogue.

the Refined Motor

3 and 6 actual Horsepower, not over-rated. Weight 60 and 110 pounds. Five years' successful record.

All Refined Motors are guaranteed against defective material or poor workmanship during the life of the Motor. Also guaranteed the best Motor of their type in the world. Send for Catalog

THRELL MOTOR COMPANY
41 East Fort St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

24 AWEEK
100 CANDLE POWER

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white, steady, safe, 100 candle power light. No wick, smoke, dirt, grease or odor.

THE BEST LIGHT

Lighted instantly. Over 900 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
7-35 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

SEE AMERICA FIRST

Send for circular "Rates and Routes" to the Pacific Coast, Alaska-Yukon Exposition, California, Colorado, Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, etc., etc., to MARSTERS TOURS
31 W. 30th St., NEW YORK—286 Washington St., BOSTON

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Standardized Merchandise"

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MANUFACTURING CONCERN DESIRES LOCAL manager for apparatus, willing to farmers chiefly. Must be well acquainted in locality and furnish satisfactory references. Davis Co., 30 Prospect St., Elkhart, Ind.

ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR LOCALITY. We have a show that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kusion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South Street, Boston, Mass.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 51 State St., Detroit, Mich.

ESTABLISH PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE business by operating best peanut and match vending machines. Never out of order. Price \$3 per machine. Matches big money. International Vending Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

CHAMPION VENDING MACHINES FOR OUT-DOOR TRADE. Strongest, most durable slot machine made. Variety of patterns. Enormous bus. in summer mon. Send for prices. Boston Coin Mach. Co., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

TO THE MAN WITH THE STEADY JOB. Town of 500 inhabitants, or City. We start you in the biggest, best commercial business of the hour. No canvassing. Write for our free sample offer. Kirk Manufacturing Co., 1231 Old South Bldg., Boston, Mass.

COE'S IRONING BOARD BLANKET CLAMPS.—(Pat. Mar. 9, '98, No. 594687). Territory and mfg. rights may be contracted for by hustlers of either sex. Thousands have been sold. Chance to get a monopoly of household inventions of proven merit. Capital required, \$25 to \$175. Send 25c for sample set and full particulars to E. L. Coe, Inventor, 399 Caesar Misch Bldg., Providence, R. I.

START RIGHT, READ THE MAIL ORDER Journal; 12 yrs. old. 48 to 64 pp. monthly keeps you posted on business conditions and methods. Indispensable to live business men. No samples; 25c for 6 months. Trial Sub. Mail Order Journal, 97 Schiller Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MEN AND WOMEN TO SELL WHITCOMB'S "Flexsole," unlined shoe for women; no tacks, no seam, no lining; advertised in magazines 9 years; handsome income assured; all orders filled the same day received; protected territory. Eastern Shoe Co., 120 Broadway, Beverly, Mass.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

LIVE SALESMEN MAKE 20% TO 40% SELLING new gold-border local view post cards. Great side line graft for regular post card salesmen; quick delivery. Pocket samples. Specialty Post Card Co., 127 River St., Chicago, Ill.

EXPERIENCED SALESMEN CAN EARN BIGGER incomes by the use of Sheldon selling methods. More than 38,000 salesmen, over half of them are veterans, have profited by this knowledge of the basic laws of scientific salesmanship. The Sheldon Course gives to the man who is new at the game, working principles which it would take him years to hammer out for himself. Full information and valuable book on salesmanship free. The Sheldon School, 1688 Republic Bldg., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED. SALESMEN TO SELL large and complete line of Souvenir Post Cards as side line. Good commission and best line in the country. Alfred Holzman Co., Chicago, Ill.

SOMETHING NEW: CALENDARS ENTIRELY superseded. At once; first-class men. Good references. Handle exceptionally useful Patent Advertising Novelty. Particularly attractive to calendar and novelty salesmen. Suit-all Advertising Co., Macheba Bldg., New Orleans.

EXPERIENCED SIDE LINE SALESMEN TO sell our new process local view post cards, also campagna cards; best sellers ever shown. Liberal com. to live workers; pocket samples. Commercial Colorotype Co., Chicago.

SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line, \$1000 death; \$7 weekly; \$100 emergency. Costs \$2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED. INVENTOR'S POCKET Companion free. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. W. N. Roach, Jr., Metzger Building, Washington, D. C.

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DON'T LET YOUR PATENT LIE IDLE—WE'LL make dies and tools and manufacture your article ready for market. Let us show you what we can do for you. Don't delay. So. Stamping & Mfg. Co., R. C. Na-Hville, Tenn.

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT Lawyers, Washington, D. C., Box H. Est'd 47 years. Booklet free. Highest references. Best service. Terms moderate. Be careful in selecting an attorney. Write us.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

ALL STANDARD REBUILT TYPEWRITERS, good as new, at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ the manufacturer's price. Large assortment. Price from \$15 to \$15. Shipped on approval. Plummer & Williams, 901-145 Van Buren St., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

WE TEACH LADIES HAIRDRESSING, MANICURING, FACIAL MASSAGE, CHIROPRACTIC OR ELECTROLYSIS IN A FEW WEEKS. Tools given. Unusual opportunity to establish an independent business. Great demand for graduates. Model System of Colleges, 435 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE HOME STUDY COURSE for home-makers, teachers, and well paid positions. Hand book free. "The Up-to-Date Home"—labor savers, 48 pp., 10c. Am. School of Home Economics, 632 W. 69th St., Chicago.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

MEN'S FUR COATS AT SUMMER PRICES. Australian Mink lined. Persian lamb collar. \$15 value, \$30. Express charges brings C. O. D. for inspection. Offer expires Oct. 1. Importers Fur Co., 14 W. 22d St., N.Y.C.

STAMPS, COINS, and CURIOS

COINS FOR SALE, 15 DIFFERENT FOREIGN, 25 ct; 5 diff. foreign, 10c; ancient Roman coins over 2000 years old, 10c; U.S. half-cent over 100 years old, 20c; U.S. cent over 100 years old, 15c; 12 big U.S. copper over 50 years old, 50c; \$50 par value Confed. money, 25c; 6 two cent pieces, 25c; 10 flying eagle cents, 50c; 50 all diff. foreign coppers, some rare, \$1.10; 10 foreign silver coins, \$1.00. Postage paid. Genuineness guaranteed. We also sell gold dollars and other pieces wanted by collectors, jewellers, schools, etc. Money & Stamp Brokerage Co., 150 Nassau St., New York.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

WONDERS OF COLORADO ON POST CARDS 50 for 50c. Postpaid to any place. Artistically and highly colored scenes of the Rocky Mountains. Julius Meyer, Club Building, Denver, Colo.

AUTOS—MOTOR CYCLES—SUNDRIES

\$40 MOTORCYCLES. LARGEST LINE OF new and used motorcycles in country. Repairers a specialty. Motors, castings for air ships and railway velocipedes. For cast. Harry R. Geer Co., 571 McLaren Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

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IF YOU are looking for investment offers in good Real Estate Value in farms, city property, railroad offers, suburban lots, etc., write a letter to our advertisers in this issue and they will send you a description of the property and complete information.

REAL ESTATE

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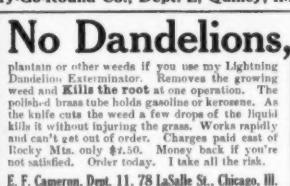


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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 29, 1909



\$50,000,000 in Library Gifts

There is only one man in the world who can tell from actual experience how it feels to give away fifty million dollars, and he has never told it before. In next week's issue of Collier's, Mr. Andrew Carnegie writes of his library gifts, and for the first time makes public the number of buildings he has given, the amount they cost, and some of his feelings and opinions in regard to this unique work.

As widely known as has been Mr. Carnegie's plan of giving library buildings to any English-speaking community in the world, the public as yet little realizes the actual magnitude of the work accomplished through his world-wide benefactions. The people in each locality know chiefly of their own library buildings, and, except for occasional press comment, have had no way of knowing how many buildings were being given in other parts of the world. Even Mr. Carnegie's closest friends may be surprised with the announcement that eighteen hundred library buildings are the result of his gifts.

Where they are, and how much they cost, together with Mr. Carnegie's personal views on the subject, will make a feature that will be awaited with more than usual interest.

The Art of Pitching

The third article on Baseball, by Will Irvin, appears in Collier's next week. It tells all about pitching, from the early days up to the present time, and describes every kink anybody ever got into the throwing of a baseball. "Who pitched the first curve?" is a matter of controversy, but Mr. Irvin tells the story which has been generally accepted by the historians of the profession. When the curve was first introduced it was greeted with so much skepticism that it had to be demonstrated by throwing it between fixed poles. But after that the problem became that of inventing all the new varieties, including the "jump" ball, the "spit-ball," and a lot of mysterious kinks that never had a name.

The pitcher (and latterly the catcher who directs his play) knows as by a note-book the peculiarities of every batter in his league—who can not hit a high or low ball, who will flinch and lose pose at the first direct approach of a fast outshoot, who will reach out foolishly for a slow ball. When a new player enters the league, pitchers and catchers experiment with him until they find out his weakness, and pass the information along to their fellows. That explains why certain players, lost afterward to fame, bat with the leaders during their first month in the league.

Year by year the strain on the pitcher has grown greater. Every pitch takes all the force there is in a man. The strongest pitcher leaves his game with a sore and battered arm. Two games a week about comprises the possibilities in any pitcher. If he does much more he shortens his life in the game.



The Art features for next week include a cover design, "The Black Fan," by Howard G. Cushing, and a double-page drawing, "Saturday Afternoon," by Charles Dana Gibson.

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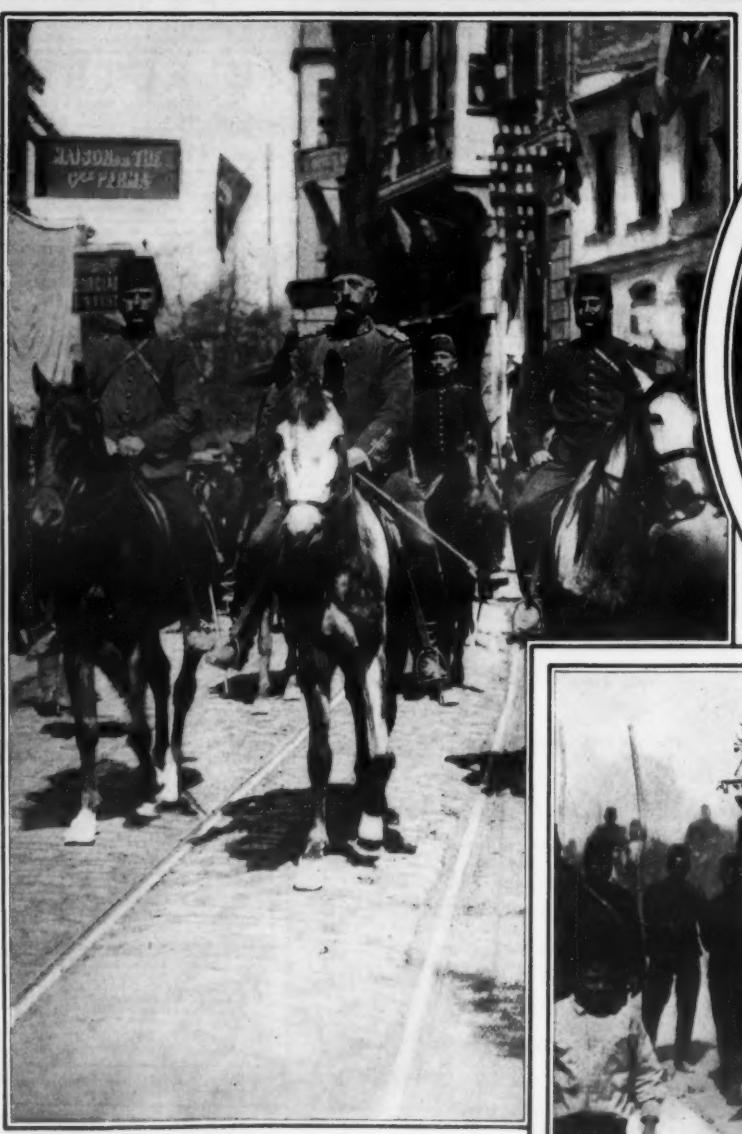
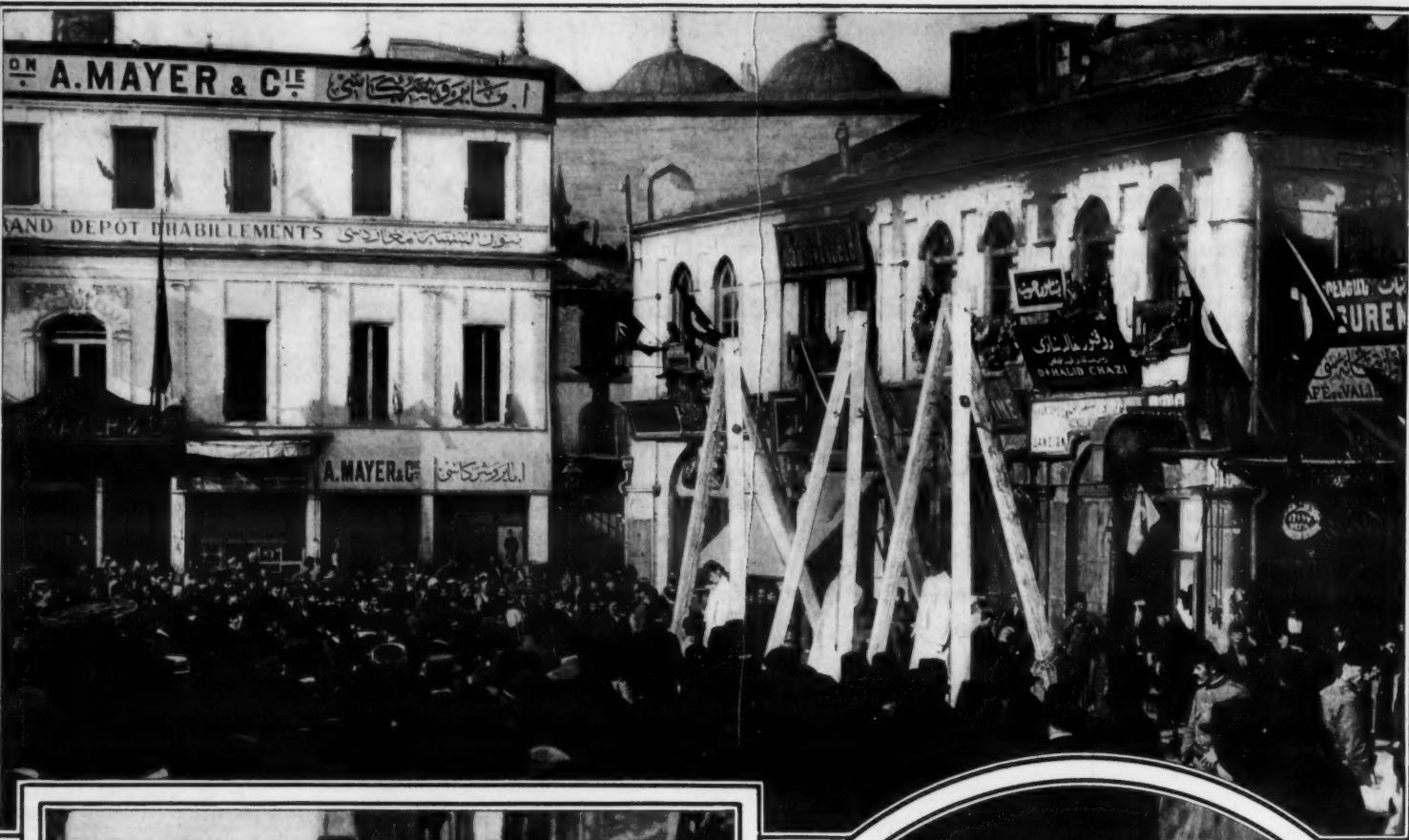
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Readjusting Conditions in Turkey

The upper photograph pictures summary justice as meted out by the courts-martial of the Young Turks to those of Abdul Hamid's partisans who incited mutiny and were treacherous to the Constitutional cause. As an example to the whole people, many of those condemned were hanged in the streets, from the bridges and in the public squares of Constantinople.—The central figure of the three officers on horseback is Chevket Pasha, the general in command of the Young Turks army, riding into Stamboul after the taking of Yildiz Kiosk.—The other photographs show soldiers of the Constitutional army searching a priest for seditious pamphlets, and the band of one of the Salonica regiments of the Young Turks army swinging through a street of Constantinople on the day of the city's capture.



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NEW YORK

May 29, 1909

Action

MR. ROOSEVELT'S THOUGHTS ON TOLSTOY have naturally aroused attention, since their publication in the "Outlook." "I doubt if his influence has really been very extensive among men of action." Just who is this Man of Action? Mr. ROOSEVELT and others have been busily and reverently creating credit for him, but what Man is he? The Man of Action has a slight smack of the Man of Destiny. He is of faint kin to the Man in the Iron Mask. Mr. ROOSEVELT makes him the final test for literature as well as for other values. Imagine some such fragile growth as "The Eve of St. Agnes" brought to the Man of Action. "This will never do," says he. "I rather like it," he declares of some bouquet of TENNYSON. A few years ago the Man of Action was the great financier, running insurance or railroads. An obscuration took place, and several heroes resigned, died, or became insane. About every other century the worship of "action" returns to trouble this world with the notion that there is some virtue in action for itself. With it enters the companion idea that "action" consists in keeping busy in the external world. It means detonation, running about, jostling, talking, redistributing atoms. A man of our acquaintance is a physician who is forever working at experiments in an unfrequented office. He would blink among a Tennis Cabinet or at a gathering of politicians. He is unhappy in "rough-house" gayety. Discoveries and certain adaptations which he has made have lessened the death-rate among babies. The Man of Action, with bristling voice and busy ways, would deem the little doctor a feeble soul. He is not masterful. He clatters not about his victories. Mr. ROOSEVELT sheds no light when he condemns the world-figure and world-influence of TOLSTOY. He is right, we believe, in putting high value on his fiction; wrong in failing to appreciate the inspiration which the great Russian has been to a world which so easily tires of difficult, spiritual, patient, and long-continued work.

Chairs

CARLYLE WINS GLORY still with his reflections about clothes. Why has the chair never tempted essayists to rival "Sartor Resartus"? It, too, may reflect authority. It, too, changes with salary and station. The swivel gives orders to the high-desk stool. The straight-back chair of the stenographer differs much in meaning from the ampler piece of furniture which stands before the roll-top desk. In a wheel chair the child may see the world, and, after his pilgrimage, now an aged man, he may collect a little air. There are the chair of state and the electric chair of execution. The empty chair is a metaphor for all that is most tragic in our lives. What are the dreams of the artist's stool, and what of the milkmaid's, and which signify the more? How the rocking chair has been written about and despised by the haughty traveler from abroad, and how firm it stands—a great American conquest in domestic comfort. Around the chair also, and the attitude in which we sit, lie associations of our mental state:

"The editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care.
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair."

When does thought come best from seat of ease and when from the severer bench, on which the schoolboy of old was wont to sit? You get the idea,—now go ahead with the immortal essay. All you need is concentrated thought and literary genius.

Cash Girls

HERE IS AN ADVERTISEMENT which seems to have about it a suggestion of movement and of changing times:

"Enrich Brothers require cash girls. Promotion guaranteed to good girls; those who prove satisfactory have the advantage of evening instruction, library, and club membership free of charge."

Not elaborate these privileges, perhaps, but indicating that in the struggle, now waging, for happier human life, steady pressure, evenly applied and laid on with patience and good cheer, has not yet had the measure of its possibilities fully taken. Enrich Brothers presumably offer only what they must to obtain and keep cash girls. How long since would such an advertisement have seemed the proper method of securing help? Until in the progress of events some one invents a dustless battle, fighting in the thick of events must be done with little opportunity to see vantage-grounds most newly gained. Sometimes there is a sudden clearing and a revelation of new-won territory that surprises and gives hope.

Representation

WHAT A COMEDY is this tariff business at Washington, what a spectacle! A collection of adults, pretending to represent the people of the United States, when each in reality is fighting blindly for one locality or one group. How many men, in the Senate or the House of Representatives, in any sufficient way consider the welfare of the eighty million? Are there six? Limitations are to be expected in human beings. He who chaffs at shortcomings has but little understanding. It would seem, however, as if this degree of narrowness were extreme. It is our guess at present that the time will sometime come when a neighborhood can send to Congress any man from any State, instead of being forced to an absurdly local choice. If Illinois has no man whom it desires for the Senate, why should it not look to California or Massachusetts? Men elected under a broader system would probably study questions more on their merits than does the average gentleman now engaged in pulling for some petty industry of his own environment or some petty interest which helped elect him.

Indians

BUILDING A STATUE, heroic in size and conspicuous in location, to the vanishing Indian has at least an imaginative value. Whether the red men had all the virtues seen by COOPER, or all the vices seen by PARKMAN, they still stand pathetically as victims, exterminated by the white man's progress. He lied, no doubt, he changed his mind, he used the deadly rifle and the deadly whisky, but back of all incidents lay a more terrible fact, in which all these are swallowed up—the white man's need. We talk of right and wrong, and occasionally the distinction is clear; but who shall say it was wrong that the Indian should be exterminated? Had there been no trickery, no whisky, no needless cruelty, he would still have had to die. It is becoming, nevertheless, for the vanquisher to raise a memorial to the conquered. It is fitting to mark in this way a repentance over some unnecessary sins, and a deeper sorrow at the tragedy that was beyond avoidance.

American Germans

THE CLOSING of two American theaters in which German plays were produced has called out various explanations, one of which at least is true. Germans become nationalized easily wherever they go. Those who emigrate to the United States usually arrive equipped with some knowledge of our tongue and life, quickly extend their study of both, before long speak English with fluency and adopt our customs. You will often meet Germans here who decline to answer you in German. If you address them in that language they reply in English. Many children born here of people who came from the Fatherland can neither read nor talk the language of their parents. The closing of the German theaters, therefore, grows from the same causes which make of German immigrants such excellent-American citizens.

Crusades

CRUSADING EASILY PASSES out of focus and out of perspective. It tends to a fury of praise or attack. The desire to score points, to heap up climaxes, grows on the practitioner. Take an article on "The Indecent Stage," published in an excellent periodical. The author, who has shown unusual ability both in investigation and in style, has here set out to prove something and to prove it hard. Some recent dramas have had salacious elements. The magazine writer decides to touch up this situation. If interpreted, rendered exactly as it is, it would make good reading now and a useful record in times to come. But this does not suffice. The author makes of the dozen unwholesome dramas a Saturnalia. He summons an atmosphere of decaying Rome—favorite device of those who specialize on evil. KIRLING's schoolboy used to yell: "Watch me gloat." Even so our excellent friend and valued writer gloats on the festering trail. By isolating smutty blocks of dialogue, by writing in a heated way, he creates an effect that is momentarily gripping, but is no more of a contribution than an "Evening Journal" headline. After such a bout it is a relief to glide into the cool, easy prose of TUCKERAY, because it is beyond all temporary cleverness. It sheds a steady light. It does not crack off into sparks. The historian of the future must discount much popular writing. Over-emphasis is too characteristic of the general style. When men write with artificial emphasis the result may be high-colored, but it is doomed to perish early.

Real Dramas

LISTS OF GOOD PLAYS always have an interest, which naturally is greater if these dramas actually have been produced. A year ago we spoke with approval of the repertory of the Donald Robertson company of players, which finds increasing favor with the residents of Chicago. During the season just past the following were among the plays which they produced:

MILTON'S "Comus."
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS and WALLACE RICE'S "Chaplet of Pan."
RICHARD BURTON'S "Rahab."
IBSEN'S "John Gabriel Borkman."
GOETHE'S "Torquato Tasso."
LEWIS WORLINGTON SMITH'S "The Art of Life."
VOLTAIRE'S "The Prodigal."
GOLDONI'S "The Curious Mishap."
BROWNING'S "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon."

For next season the plan is:

ALFIERI'S "Saul."
CALDERON'S "Mayor of Zalamaya."
ECHEGARAY'S "The Stigma."
MOLIÈRE'S "Tartuffe."
MARIVAUX'S "The Game of Love and Chance."
SHAKESPEARE'S "Timon of Athens."
SHERIDAN'S "The Critic."
SHELLEY'S "The Cenci."
BROWNING'S "The Return of the Druses."
SUDELMANN'S "Happiness in a Corner."
HEIJERMAN'S "Links."
VAN EIJDEN'S "The Ice Brand."
IBSEN'S "The Vikings at Helgeland."
BJÖRNSEN'S "Marriage."

The list looks good, does it not? Mr. ROBERTSON is steadily increasing his audience, and is willing to wait for a building until a sufficient public demand has been created.

The Other Side

PPOINTERS TO THE PUBLIC are being put out by a certain street-railway company in a manner that shows intelligence, and in a spirit of friendliness and reason. This road admits its duty of introducing all possible safety devices, but it adds some clear opinions about the part of American impatience and carelessness in causing accidents. Men stand on the steps and jump on or off cars in motion. Women step off backward. Vehicles tear madly down the cross streets. Children steal rides and make the streets their home. Companies can do something to reduce accidents, but the public must do the rest.

Machine Guns and Worship

THE BRITISH EMPIRE is called to repentance. Troubled Englishmen ask for a period of religious fervor that shall rival the intensity of the Savonarola days. This brooding sense of divine immanence is to carry with it a régime of rifle practise and a preparedness for the battle-field. The "Spectator" acutely says: "Peace in itself is no more virtuous than sleep." Most encouraging of all the tidings from the danger-girt isle is the report made by the school of gunnery to the army council, that the horse and field batteries of the Royal Artillery, armed with the modern quick-firing guns, are growing in efficiency. The "Evening Standard" puts it thus: "It is reported that the arming of the batteries with modern guns has raised a new spirit, which one general aptly calls 'the quick-firing spirit.' Such good guns as those now in use have raised an enthusiasm, the value of which can not be overestimated." Alas, these things do not stir the hearts of the youth in the land as once they did. There are times when an unbidden depression steals over us, suggesting that perhaps a something fierce and powerful has passed out of life forever. If that lust of carnage once goes, no faculty for prayer, no quality of mercy, no grasp of science, no wisdom in council, no tenderness in the home, can ever bring the ancient glory to the nation that has lost that battle fervor. But let us not be too ironical. It is easy for enlightened Americans to feel the anachronism of war. An Englishman is in a different light. It is no small thing to him that his country in all seriousness is threatened. This danger may be the cause of hysteria, but danger nevertheless there is.

An Upright Judge

WHEN WE SPOKE last week of the case of Judge MACK, it was not because he is the only judge who is seeking reelection against unfair opposition in Chicago. His associates, Judges BRENTANO and CARPENTER, also amply deserve reelection. We selected the case of MACK, because the opposition seemed most intense, and because his standing was so striking. Outside of his admirable record on the bench, the measure of his general activity as a citizen is indicated by these positions:

Professor at the University of Chicago Law School, formerly Professor at the Northwestern University Law School; President of Friends of Russian Freedom, of Milk Commission of Chicago, of League for Protection of Immigrants, of National Conference of Jewish Charities, of Harvard Club of Chicago; Vice-President of Children's Hospital Society of Chicago, of Society for Social Hygiene of Chicago, of National Conference on Dependent Children, of Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago, of American Jewish Committee; Member of the Executive Committee (and formerly President) of the National Conference of Jewish Charities, of National Conference of Charities and Corrections, of Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, of Civil Service

Reform Association, of Chicago School of Philanthropy and Civics; Director and formerly Vice-President of City Club of Chicago; Member of Publication Committee of the Survey; Member of Board of Directors of the Playground Association of Chicago.

Rather obviously, a man whose life takes this direction is not opposed to the welfare of the poor, however firmly he may refuse to be dictated to about the nature of his decisions as a judge.

Opium

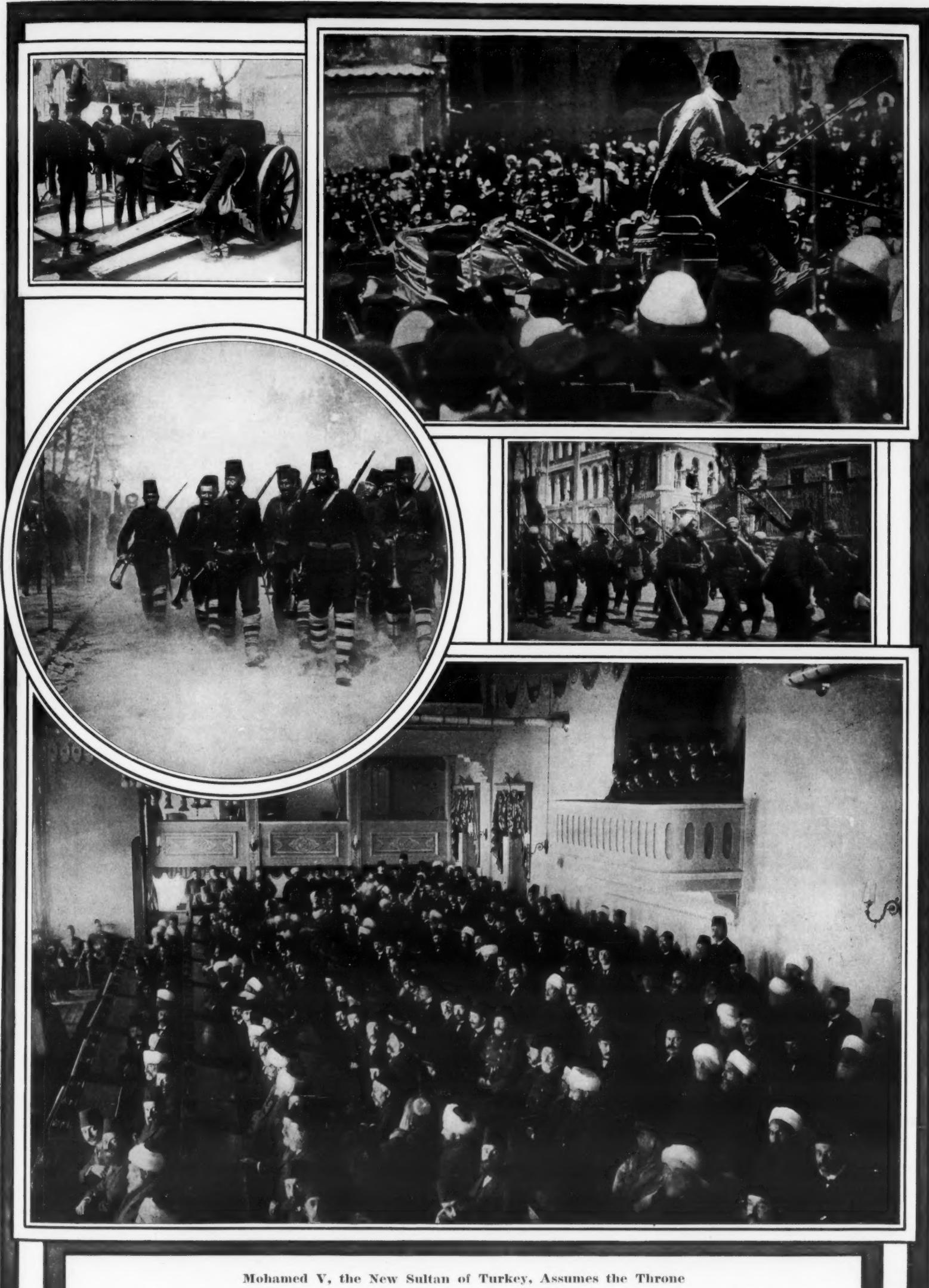
OWING TO THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER of its population, San Francisco has had a harder fight against opium than most cities. The Chinese are, of course, more addicted to the drug than any other people. The Eastern States suffer more from the traffic in cocaine than from either opium or morphine. A systematic warfare has been waged by the California State Board of Pharmacy against all drug stores selling opium. To the surprise of the Board, the Chinese Six-Companies have cooperated in the campaign. Even among the Chinese the men who sell opium, those who use it, and those who conduct opium joints are the outcasts of society. It is the wash-house Chinaman, the fruit-picking Chinaman, and those who are forced to hard labor, that are most addicted to the drug. It has not touched the Japanese, who lives altogether apart from the Chinaman. The Board has prosecuted one hundred and fifty-two cases and secured convictions in every case. The third offense is punishable by a jail sentence only; the first two by fine or imprisonment. The Treasury Department at Washington not long since issued an order that no more smoking opium should be imported into the United States. At the time there was about eighty-five thousand pounds of smoking opium in the San Francisco bonded warehouses, the duty on which was \$6 a pound. In forty-eight hours the opium was all gone. The Chinamen wanted it where they could be sure of it. Later, the Government extended the time for importation to April 1, 1909. Announcement was then made in the San Francisco press that some two hundred thousand pounds of the drug was on its way in a Chinese steamer that would arrive before April 1. The effect of the campaign in California has been to drive a great many of the lower order of "fiends" out of the State and to lessen considerably the sale of the drug. Men have been caught in the "Barbary Coast" district of San Francisco with the drug, prepared for sale and done up in small packages concealed in their pockets, their hats, and even their shoes. As a result of the Opium Congress which met in Shanghai in January last, the various countries are limiting the supply by curtailing the growth of the plant—a remedy still untested. The Chinese have six or seven alleged remedies for the cure of the habit. Every one of them contains morphine. The Six-Companies have earnestly sought a remedy. They manufacture and distribute free certain herb teas, but nothing, so far, has been found that will permanently cure.

Life, Etc.

A YOUNG WRITER the other day proposed to do an article for us on a "new" subject which he had just "discovered" in Ohio. It was one of those topics which are suggested at least once in every season, but such a proposal not infrequently reminds an editor that he must keep on guard. No matter how young he feels he must not forget that he does grow older, while his readers have everlasting youth. Life, the producer, and death, the destroyer, are the equalizing agents, and the average age of the readers of *COLLIER'S* actually remains approximately the same. An editor is wise who keeps the young about him. He must have them in his office; he must have them among his writers, and he must cultivate their interests. If he neglects to do so he will find that his periodical has passed beyond the crowd and is standing in curious isolation. In the same manner the individual reader must remember his own relation to the great body of readers. He also grows ever so little older year by year. That which interests him now may not have interested him in the past, may not interest him in the future, and does not necessarily interest every one else. In youth we enter eagerly into the life about us, pass through all the great centers of interest, and, at the end, emerge from the crowd. But the crowd remains—to be taught, to be entertained, and to experience for the first time the thrills and aspirations that make up life. The editor of *COLLIER'S* ought in spirit to remain forever, like the average of his readers, at about the age of thirty-five.

Truth

IT IS THE KEYSTONE in the arch of home, the mistress of its other virtues. It is the shield of innocence, the avenger of guilt. It is the highest strain in the music of patriotism. Prospering commerce will not survive its betrayal, nor will ambitious statesman, ignoring it, write his name upon the world's larger page. It is the final standard by which we judge men and nations. It is the coin and courage of the world's highest thought, the seed of the world's best literature. It is the dawn that has dispersed the night of error, oppression, cruelty. It takes its own time to command the attention of men, but it is the courser that, sooner or later, wins every race. It retreats not. It is the light that guides the heart of childhood and rules the spirit in its supreme hour. It is the balm of wounded souls. It is the rainbow of promise. It is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of the ages.



Mohamed V, the New Sultan of Turkey, Assumes the Throne

In one of the upper pictures the Padishah is shown on his way to the Mosque of Ayoub to take part in the ceremony of the sword on May 10 (see page 22). The lower photograph is probably the first one ever made of the Lower House of the Turkish Parliament in session. The other pictures show the troops of the Constitutional army occupying Constantinople after the overthrow of Abdul Hamid



Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily

"Where Thieves Break In"

The Story That Lay Behind the College Pin

By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

Illustrated by
ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

C"The Pretenders," the first of the adventures of Caroline, appeared in the issue of January 30

ONE glance at Caroline's shoulders, hunched with caution; the merest profile, indeed, of her tense and noiseless advance up the narrow gravel path, would have convinced the most casual observer that she was bent upon arson, at the least. At the occasional crunch of the gravel she scowled; the well-meant effort of a speckled gray hen, escaped from some distant part of the grounds, to bear her company, produced a succession of pantomimic dismissals that alarmed the hen to the point of frenzy, so that her clacks and cackles resounded far beyond the trim hedge that separated the drying-ground from the little kitchen garden.

Caroline scowled, turned to shake her fist at the hen, now lumbering awkwardly through the hedge, and sat down heavily on a little bed of parsley.

"Nasty old thing!" she gulped; "anybody could've heard me! And I was creeping up so still . . ."

She peered out from behind a dwarf evergreen and made a careful survey of the situation. The big square house stood placid and empty in the afternoon sun; not a cat on the kitchen porch, not a curtain fluttering from an open window. All was neat, quiet, and deserted. Caroline set her lips with decision.

"We'll pretend there wasn't any hen," she said in a low voice, "and go on from here, just the same."

Rising with great caution, she picked her way, crouching and dodging, from bush to bush; occasionally she took a lightning peep at the silent house, then dipped again and continued her stalking. Following the evergreen hedge around a final corner, she emerged stealthily in the latticed kitchen porch and drew a breath of relief.

"All right so far," she muttered; "I wondered if that old gray cat with the new kittens is fussing around here?"

But no breath of life stirred under the porch as she stooped to peer through a break in the lattice, and with a final survey of the premises inserted her plump person into the gap and wriggled, panting, into the darkness below.

It was stuffy and dusty there; the light filtered dimly through the diamond spaces, and the adventurer, crawling on hands and knees, cannoned into a shadowy pile of flower-pots, sneezed violently and groveled wrathfully among the ruins for at least five minutes, helplessly confused. Quite by accident she knocked her cobwebbed head against a narrow, outward-swinging window, seized it thankfully, and plunged through it. Hanging a moment by her grimy hands, she swayed a little fearfully, then dropped with a quick breath to the concrete floor beneath, and smiled with relief as the comparative brightness of a well-kept cellar revealed her safety. Vegetable bins, a neat pile of kindling-wood, a large portable closet of wire netting, with occasional plates and covered dishes suggestively laid away in it, met her eye: on the floor in front of this last rested a little heap of something wet and glistening. Untidy as it looked, it had an eatable appearance to Caroline, whose instinct in these matters was unimpeachable, and, bending over it, she inserted one finger.

"Currant jelly!" she whispered, thoughtfully licking the inquiring member. "The idea!"

She approached the wire closet and peered along the shelves: there was no jelly there.

"Dropped it getting it out," she pursued. "I wonder why Selma didn't wipe it up?"

Suddenly her face brightened.

"We'll keep right on and pretend *'ticas* burglars," she announced to the quiet cellar, "and they stole the jelly in a hurry and dropped this and never noticed, and went upstairs to eat it and get the silver! And so I found 'em after all!"

Still on tiptoe she left the cellar, stole through the laundry, and crept mysteriously up the back stairs. So absorbed she was that a creaking board stopped her heart for a breath, and a slip on the landing sent her to her knees in terror. The empty quiet seemed to hum around her; strange snappings of the old woodwork

dried her throat. With her hand on the swing-door that led into the dining-room, she paused in a delicious ecstasy of terror, as the imagined clink of glass and silver, the normal clatter of a cheerful meal, seemed to echo in the air.

It was always difficult for Caroline in such moments of excitement to distinguish between what she saw and heard and what she wished to see and hear, and at this height of table music she smiled with pleasure.

"The house is empty," said her common sense, but she pursed her lips and whispered: "They're up here eating—they've come for the silver!"

By fractions of inches she pushed the door on its well-oiled hinge and slipped noiselessly into the dining-room.

A broad beam of light fell across the dark, wainscoted room, and in the track of it sat a handsome, well-dressed man busily eating. In front of him was a roast chicken, a cut-glass dish of celery, and a ruby mound of jelly; a crusty loaf of new bread lay broken at his right; at his left, winking in the sunbeam, stood a decanter half-filled with a topaz liquor. He was daintily poising a bit of jelly on some bread, the mouthful was in the air, when his eyes fell on Caroline, an amazed and cobwebbed statue in front of him.

The hand that held the bread grew rigid. As spilled milk spreads over a table, the man's face was flooded with sudden grayish-white; against it his thin lips were marked in lavender. While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched.

"What are you doing here, little girl?" he demanded sternly, pointedly regarding her dusty, rumpled figure.

Caroline gulped and dropped her eyes.

"I—I—nothing particular," she murmured guiltily.

The man laid the piece of bread down carefully and wiped his fingers on the napkin spread across his knees.

"Some time," he said in a leisurely drawl, "you'll burst into a room like that, where a person with a weak heart may be sitting, and that'll be the last of 'em."

"The last of 'em?" Caroline repeated vaguely.

"Just so. They'll die on you," he explained briefly.

Caroline stepped nearer.

"Is—is your heart weak?" she inquired fearfully.

"I'm so sorry. So is my Uncle Lindsay's."

"What were you sneaking about so soft for?" he demanded.

She flushed.

"I—I was playing burglars," she confessed, "and I got to where they were in here with the silver, and—I was coming in to—to get them, and I didn't expect anybody would be here, really, you know, and I was surprised when I saw you. I didn't know about your heart."

"Burglars?" said the man, laughing loudly. "Well, that's one on me! I must say you're a nervy young party. So you thought I was a burglar, did you?"

"Oh, no!" Caroline cried. "Of course not—I meant I was playing it was burglars; I didn't mean you. I—I didn't know anybody was here."

"Humph!" said he. "What made you play burglars? Anything in that line yourself, ever?"

Caroline stared uncomprehendingly.

"My mother doesn't think it's right for Aunt Edith to go off and leave the house all alone the way she does," she explained. "She's always telling her some one will break in if she doesn't leave Selma or a dog. And she never locks a thing, you know—she says if they intend to get in they will, and that's all there is about it. So this time she went for three days, and Miss Honey and the General and Delia; and Selma and Anna went to a wedding, and little Ed was going to get the pony shod. I told Aunt Edith I'd—" she coughed importantly—"keep an eye on the house."

"I see," said the man.

He poured himself two inches of the topaz liquor; it rocked in the glass.

Caroline sniffed inquisitively.

"That's the Scotch," she said; "I know by the smell, partly like cologne and partly smoky. Do you like it?"

The man raised the glass to the level of his eyes and watched the light play through it, then made a slight movement of his arm and the whisky disappeared smoothly.

"Your Aunt Edith's taste is as good as her voice," he said, eying Caroline carefully.

"Oh, that's not Aunt Edith's—that's Uncle Joe's," she explained. Then, as it flashed across her suddenly:

"Did you want to see him? He's in New York, too. They're going to have pictures taken of Miss Honey and General. But after that Uncle Joe's going to Chicago. Did you want him?"

"N—no, not exactly," said the man, studying his well-kept finger-nails. "I can't say I do. No, my business is with—is more—"

He stopped suddenly and followed the direction of Caroline's eyes.

There on the sideboard behind him stood a leather suit-case, long and solid-looking. It was open, and tight rows of forks and spoons filled it.

The room was quite still for a moment. Caroline wanted to show by some intelligent remark that she understood the situation and could easily imagine what the man was doing with the silver, but she found this difficult.

Strange people came to Aunt Edith's house. Dark, foreign-looking men ate meals there at unusual hours; once Caroline had seen with her own eyes a plump, yellow German fall suddenly on his knees at Aunt Edith's feet, as a hand-organ struck up its brassy music under the window, and burst into passionate singing, waving a whiskbroom in the air and offering it to Aunt Edith with the most extraordinary force of manner. And her aunt, who wore at the time a raincoat and tam-o'-shanter cap, had leaned forward graciously, gurgled out a most delicious little tune, accepted the whiskbroom, affected to inhale its fragrance rapturously, and whirled into a big and beautiful song in which the plump, yellow gentleman joined, and, rising, seized her in his arms, at which point they drowned the hand-organ completely, and the hand-organ man and Uncle Joe applauded loudly and they gave the hand-organ man all he could eat and a dollar.

You may see from this that one did not look for the commonplace in Aunt Edith's house. Moreover, the stranger was not unlike some of her aunt's friends; though he was handsome and assured and noticeably at his ease, Caroline felt that his manner was subtly different from that of the friends of her own family. But even the most unconventional guest had never collected the sideboard silver, and a little feeling was growing in the air . . . doubt and a bit of what might have begun to be fear . . . when suddenly the man began to laugh. It was abrupt, and it rang harshly at first, but grew with every moment warmer and more infectious, so that Caroline, though she felt that she was in some way the cause of it, joined in it finally, in spite of herself.

"If you knew what a sight you were!" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes with the napkin, "with your hair all cobwebs and all that dirt on your knees and those finger-marks on your apron, and being so small and all—" he began to chuckle again.

"Small?" she repeated portentously.

"Oh, I didn't mean small compared with—with anybody else the same size," he assured her quickly.

Catching her mollified glance, he went on more soberly:

"And how did you get in, now? No doors, I'll bet."

"Under the kitchen porch, through the little cellar window and up the back stairs," she explained.

"You mean to say you were out in that little back hall and I never heard you?"

She nodded. "I took pains to be still," she added, "so as to surprise the—so if there had been—"

"I understand," he said gravely—"so as to get them if they had been there. Well, you'd have done it. You're all right. Now, I suppose you're wondering what all this means, aren't you? You haven't got any idea who

I am, have you? You don't know one single thing about me, and you may be thinking—"

"I know one thing about you," she interrupted: "I know you went to Yale."

The man's jaw dropped, his hands gripped the arm of the chair.

"And how in—how did you know that?" he cried roughly, with blazing eyes.

Caroline shrank a little, but faced him.

"Your pin," she said, pointing to his vest. "I saw it when you held your arm up."

The man sank back in his chair and fingered the little jeweled badge unconsciously.

"Well, of all the cute ones . . . so you've seen this before?" he suggested.

"Of course I have—my brother has one and my Uncle Joe and Uncle Lindsay and Cousin Lindsay and Cousin Joe."

"All went to Yale?" he inquired.

"Lindsay and Joe are there now—they're seniors," she informed him. "The General's going when he grows up. All the Holts go there. Grandfather Holt went."

"You don't say," said the man, bending forward in genuine interest. "I guess it's a pretty good college, eh?"

"The best of them all," she assured him. "I'll tell you an awful funny thing," she went on abruptly. "You know all the Holts look alike. Well, when Uncle Lindsay first went to Yale he was walking along the campus and right by Old South Middle he met the president. And the president stopped and said: 'Well, well, I see the race of Holts is not yet extinct. Good afternoon, sir!' The president. And he never saw him before!"

"You don't say," he repeated. "Old South Middle—that's it. That's the one."

Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and took out his watch. "This'll never pay the rent!" he said briskly. "Now let's get to business. I suppose you were surprised to see all that stuff in the suit-case?"

Caroline nodded and grinned back at him, his own quick smile was so friendly and compelling.

"Well," he continued, rising and bunching the napkin beside his plate, "I don't blame you. Not a bit. I'd have been the same myself. And you'll be even more surprised when you find out what I'm doing—that is"—he stopped abruptly—"unless your Uncle Joe has told you already and sent you over to help?"

She shook her head.

"Didn't, eh?" He stepped over to the sideboard, wiping off the knife and fork he had been using, and packed them with the others. Caroline, watching his hands, noticed in the corner of the case a familiar chamois-skin bag; she had often seen it on Aunt Edith's bureau.

"Well, now," he continued, "if I had a niece as sharp and smart and quiet as you are, Missy, I'd tell her my plans, I would, and get her to help me. I wonder your uncle didn't. Sure he didn't mention me—Mr. Barker?"

Again she shook her head, her eyes fastened to the bag.

"Well," said the man, shutting down the cover of the suit-case and strapping it tightly, "it's this way. You may have heard your uncle say something about it being kind o' careless, leaving the house so much alone? Anyhow, whether he's talked to you or not about it, he has to me often enough."

"Oh, yes!" Caroline was conscious of a distinct sense of relief. "I've often heard him. Then you do know Uncle Joe?"

The man faced her, starting in violent surprise.

"Do I know Uncle Joe?" he repeated. "Do I know him?" He shook his head feebly and gazed about the room. "She says do I know Joe Holt! And what

should I be doing eating my lunch here if I didn't?" he demanded. "What should he tell me about his troubles for and ask me to help him, if I didn't know him? Is it likely I'd be packing his silver in my suit-case if I didn't know him?"

Caroline stood abashed.

"I should think you might guess by this time what the joke is," he went on forgivingly, seeing that she was quite overcome with her own stupidity; "but as I have to get away pretty quick now, I'll tell you. You see, Joe isn't coming right back with your aunt; he's going on to Chicago, and that may keep him some time away—"

"I know," Caroline interpolated.

"And he wanted your aunt to have somebody stay in the house to look after it—he felt worried. But no, she wouldn't. Wouldn't even get a dog—that is," eying Caroline steadily, "unless she's got one lately, but when I last heard—"

"No," she assured him, "she wouldn't. Aunt Edith hates dogs."

"So Joe told me. Now what would you do, Henry," says Joe to me—that's my name, Henry Barker—what would you do with a woman like that?"

"Do, Joe?" says I. "Why, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd teach her a lesson—that's what. I'd give her one good scare, and then you'd find she'd take your advice after that."

At that point the man reached for his overcoat and began to struggle into it.

"But I don't know how to, Henry," says he. "You don't," says I. "Nothing easier. Just tip somebody off when the house is empty and they'll run up and slip in, take what silver and jewelry they can find in a hurry, pack it up careful and hide it away wherever you say. Then when your wife gets back and finds 'em gone there'll be the d—there'll be a row, and when she says it's her fault for not leaving the servants in the house, and she'll never do it again, then you say: 'All right, my dear, I'm glad you've learned your lesson,' and step out and get the bag! How's that? I said."

He put his hat on, drew a pair of gloves from his pocket, and looked hard at Caroline; her answering glance was troubled and non-committal. He scowled slightly and rested one hand on the bag.

"All very well, Henry," says Joe to me; "but who's to do all this? I don't know any one that would dare to, let alone be willing," he went on, glancing hurriedly around the room. "You know as well as I do that if they should get caught doing it, anybody would swear 'twas burglary, plain and simple, and run 'em right in. They'd call the police. It would look bad for whoever did it, you know," he said.

"He might have asked me. I'd love to do it," Caroline muttered resentfully.

As a matter of fact, the scheme was sufficiently like many a practical joke of her irrepressible uncle. Better than any one, Caroline, his conspirator-elect, knew the lengths he was capable of going to confound or scandalize his adjacent relatives.

"Of course," said the man, with relief in his voice, "that's why I asked you if he hadn't. I guess he was afraid you wouldn't dare. I'd have trusted you, though, myself."

She looked gratefully at him.

"Then I said: 'Why, Joe, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll do it myself,'" he concluded, lifting the suit-case from the sideboard and grimacing at its weight.

"What's the good," says I, "of calling yourself a friend if you can't run a little risk? Just tell me the

day to come and where you want 'em put—be sure you pick a good safe place—and I'll 'tend to it for you,' I said, 'and you'll do as much for me some day when I'm in a tight place.'"

He settled his hat firmly and moved to the long window.

"I'll have to hurry if I don't want to lose my train," he explained.

"But where's the place?" Caroline cried excitedly. "What place did Uncle Joe pick out? Won't you tell me? I won't tell—truly I won't!"

The man paused with one hand on the window button and looked thoughtfully at her.

"By George," he announced, "I've a good mind to tell you! I'm not supposed to tell a soul, you know, but you've been such a brick, and being his own niece and all, I think you've got a *right* to know; I really do."

Caroline nodded breathlessly.

"Look here!" he cried. "I'll trust you if your uncle won't. I don't like the place he told me, much—it isn't safe enough. There's two thousand dollars' worth of stuff here, counting the—counting everything, and an old barn's no place for it. See here. You promise me to stay here for an hour—one hour exactly, by the clock—and I'll leave this bag at your house for you. Then you can hide it under your bed, or anywhere you want, till to-morrow, and then you can manage the rest to suit yourself. How's that?"

"Oh, that will be grand!" she gasped.

"You can just tell your uncle that I saw you were game and I trusted you, if he wouldn't," he concluded, opening the window, "and I'll take this to your house in half an hour. Will you promise not to leave for an hour? We mustn't be seen together, you know, or people might suspect, and then the game'd be up. And will you lock this window after me and go out the same way you came?"

"Yes, yes! I promise, I promise solemnly," she assured him, flushed with importance; "and tell 'em not to open it, will you? They might. Say it's private for me, will you?"

"All right," he said soberly. "I'm kind o' sorry they went to Yale," he added abruptly. "I'd rather—s-s-h! What's that?"

He stood rigidly listening; his eyes rolled back, his hand raised in warning.

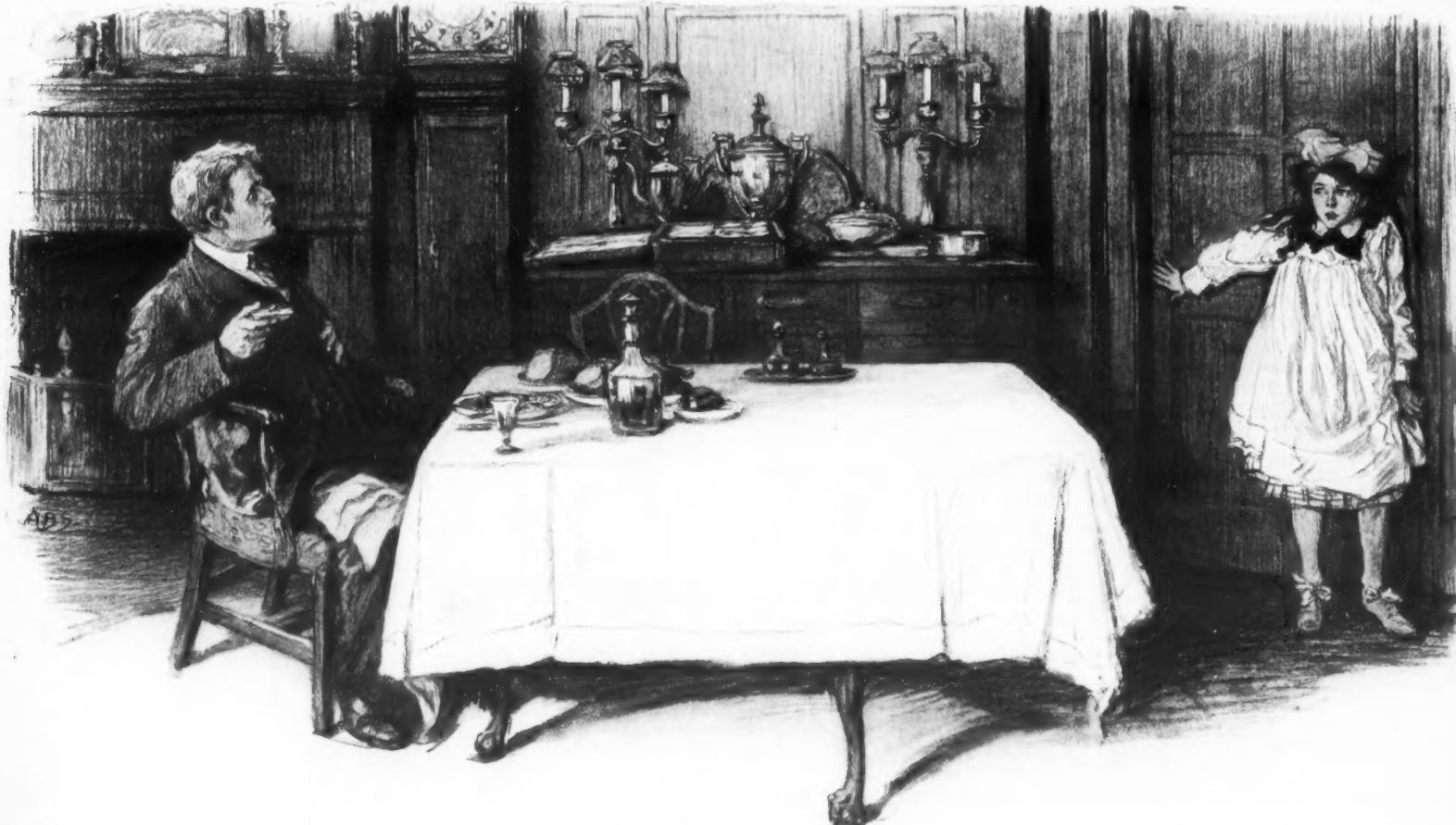
"I don't hear—" she began, but his angry gesture and the furious whisper that went with it cowed her into a silence as strained as his own.

For a moment it seemed to Caroline that she heard a faint snap as of a board released from pressure, but dead quiet followed; she held her breath with excitement as the man lifted the suit-case over the ledge and, peering over the balcony, stepped out. Suddenly he paused, one leg over the sill; his eyes rolled back toward the room, his lips tightened. So terrible and so despairing his face had turned that Caroline rushed to the window. Even as she started she heard quick, soft steps in the hall, and pointed to the freedom outside.

"Jump! Oh, jump, Mr. Barker!" she whispered in a glow of terror. "Hurry! It is somebody!"

He pointed silently to the ground below, and with her heart pounding heavily she peered over the sill. Directly below them crouched a Great Dane, brindled, enormous, one eye fixed sternly on the window.

The soft steps paused: perhaps she had imagined them! Perhaps, if they kept quite still, that quaking pair, perhaps . . . the man breathed like a drowning swimmer; it seemed to Caroline she must scream.



While the grandfather clock ticked ten times they stared at each other, and then a wave of deep red poured over his face and his mouth twitched

Collier's

The door flew open.

"Look out, there—it's loaded!" the voice came sharp as a cracked whip.

Caroline gave a shriek of joy.

"Why, it's Lindsay!" she cried. "It's just Cousin Lindsay!"

A tall, powerful young man came in behind a leveled revolver.

"Car—what—be still, there!" he gasped, steadyng the weapon. The man stood motionless, his eyes on the ground.

"It's all right—I never carried a gun in my life," he said quietly.

"Oh, Lindsay, it's only a joke!"

Caroline ran toward him, stopping in horror at the ugly winking eyes of the revolver.

"Mr. Barker only meant—tell Lin about it!" she entreated, sick with foreboding at the dogged man before her, the scornful, flushed boy at her side.

"I guess you better tell him, Missy," said the man in a low, empty voice.

"Go home, Caroline; go straight home this moment."

Caroline had never heard her cousin speak in that tone, and it was partly in tears, partly in wrath, that she answered:

"I will *not* go straight home, Lindsay Holt, and you needn't talk to me that way, either! Uncle Joe himself asked Mr. Barker—"

She began glibly enough, but even to her simple consciousness the story wavered and rang false, with this stricken, passive man before her. Her voice faltered, she choked . . . had Uncle Joe really asked this man to get the emeralds? Was it possible that—Lindsay laughed disagreeably.

"If you've quite finished, Caroline, will you go home?" he demanded, his eyes still on the revolver.

She gulped painfully; her faith tottered on the last brink.

"Oh, let it go at that: can't you?" the man broke in roughly. "What difference does it make to you, eh, how this part of the job gets done? Have I made any trouble yet? My goose is cooked, all right, and we'll—we'll talk that over, later, when Missy goes, but—but couldn't you"—he looked almost appealingly at the young fellow—"couldn't we—it's all there in the suit-case—"

"It was going under my bed, Lin—I'd have been careful." Caroline was hoping against hope, now.

"You see, Missy," said the man quickly, in almost his old manner—"you see how it turns out. It was a bad plan, I guess—you can see how your cousin takes it. You'll have to—to tell your uncle how it worked; it's one on me, all right."

"Suppose we put it all back and—oh, Lord, what's the use?" he ended suddenly. "Cut it short—what the hell do I care?"

He dropped suddenly into the chair behind him; his head fell over on his arms, and the stiff hat rolled along the floor.

The young man stared curiously at him, but the weakness was genuine; every muscle was relaxed.

Lindsay's face softened a little. "As far as that goes, you're right," he said curtly, "though it's a little late in the day. Look here, Caroline. Mr.—Mr. Barker and I don't agree very well on the best way to teach people to lock their houses. I—it seems to me a pretty poor joke. Uncle Joe never meant it to go quite so far, I'm quite sure," he concluded jerkily. "I—I want to do the best thing all around, but," looking anxiously toward her for a second, "this is a little too—a little too—"

Her face cleared at his change of tone. "I know," she returned eagerly—"I know just what you mean, Lindsay; I think so, too. Anybody would think—"

"That's it," he said briefly.

"You say you thought so yourself at first," she added, looking uncomfortably at the bent figure in the chair, "and that made him feel—"

"Well, well, I understand now," Lindsay interrupted irritably; "it's all right now, Caroline. Hadn't you better go? Mr.—Mr. Barker and I will come along later."

"Oh, I'll wait and go with you, Lin," she returned, almost assured, now. "Why do I have to go first?"

The man lifted his head; at sight of the young fellow's nervous perplexity he smiled faintly.

"Suppose you run along, Missy," he suggested; "your cousin and I want to talk business—and then I must be hurrying on—hurrying on," he repeated vaguely, with dazed eyes. He raised his hand to his head; Lindsay started forward, the revolver loose in his hand.

"Where did you get that pin?" he cried sharply. "Give that to me."

The man fingered the pin thoughtfully. "You're way off there," he said. "That's not—that's not—"

"Not one of your 'jokes'?" Lindsay's voice rang disagreeably. "I happen to know the contrary. I'll trouble you to hand it over. I'll soon know to whom it belongs."

Caroline, hanging over the sill, lost in talkative admiration of the Great Dane, was oblivious for the moment of the room behind her.

"It belongs to my son," said the man. There was a moment of silence. Outside the great hound whined softly.

"His name Barker, too?" Lindsay asked coldly, half-rising.

"No, sir. His name is James Wardwell," said the man defiantly.

Lindsay sprang to his feet.

"That's a dirty lie!" he shouted. He stood over the man, careless of the revolver. "And you'll pay for it, too!"

Caroline stared agast at them.

"Look out for the gun," the man warned him, and, as with a flush of mortification Lindsay mastered his weapon, he added quietly: "You can't be too careful with firearms."

Lindsay gritted his teeth.

"You—you—" he began furiously. The man met his eyes for a second, then with a dark, slow blush dropped his arm.

The boy drew back uncertainly.

"What's the good of lying like that?" he said. "How's it going to help you?"

The man looked at the floor.

"Don't be a fool—how's it going to?" Lindsay repeated irritably.

The other did not move.

"Is that the truth?" Lindsay's voice was strained and worried.

The man drew a long, uneven breath. "Yes," he answered.

Lindsay glanced at the suit-case, at the man in the chair, at the revolver.

"Jimmy!" he muttered. "Jimmy B.!" For the first

know he lost recently—and I find you stealing my aunt's spoons! For God's sake, what's the meaning of it?"

The man twisted his fingers together and moistened his lips.

"It kind of settled on me all at once," he said in a hollow voice. "I felt it since morning. She scared me so to begin with—she came like a ghost—and then the dog finished me. I had one o' them once and he nearly did me up—turned on me. Jim pulled him off," he added; "but they give me a turn whenever I see 'em."

Lindsay stamped angrily.

"Will you prove what you say? Or shall we discuss it at the station-house?"

The man raised his hand deprecatingly. "No, no," he said hastily. "No—that's what I don't want. That's why I—that's the reason I don't—good Lord, don't you know you've given me a half a dozen chances, if I'd had the nerve for the risk? Why, I'd've butted that gun out of your hand twice in the last ten minutes, you young fool! How long d'ye suppose it would take a husky man to back you into one closet and Missy into another and walk off with the stuff? Hey?"

His eyes flashed, he threw back his head and breathed hard, a cornered animal. Lindsay felt a tingle of excitement run down his spine: for a moment there was danger in the air.

"I—I notice you didn't see your way to all this," he said scornfully. But he blushed as he spoke, the man saw it, and Lindsay knew he saw it; he winced and drew himself up in a boyish attempt to save the situation.

"It's quite true—I'm not in the habit of catching house thieves," he said, drawing a little, "and I doubt if many of them are quite such accomplished liars as you appear to be; but my stroke will improve, I've no doubt, as we go on. Would you mind getting up and coming along with me, as they call it, I believe?"

The man made no answer, but raised his hands high above his head.

"If you'll look in that left vest pocket, there's a little leather case there," he said; "and—and you'd better take the pin, too, I guess. I'd be obliged if you'd say you found it somewhere. I never should've put it on."

Somewhat clumsily Lindsay extricated the leather case, cursing his awkwardness and the patience of the man.

A worn little photograph of a boy of eight or nine was in his hand; across the bottom was scrawled in a childlike hand: "Daddy, from your son James."

He drew a long breath.

"That's Jimmy, all right," he said, dully.

"If you'll just tear it up," said the man. "It's all I've got, and nobody'd know but some friend that—that would be lookin' for the likeness."

Lindsay threw the picture on the floor. "I won't believe it—it's too sickening!" he cried. "Jim Wardwell's a gentleman! I—I—why, I admired him more than—good God, he's a friend of mine!"

The man smiled faintly.

"Oh, Jimmy has fine friends," he said, almost complacently. "He's always gone with the best. He's very particular."

Lindsay's forehead was a network of pain and doubt.

"But Jimmy has plenty of money," he insisted. "He always had the—his things—oh, it's idiotic! You're crazy, that's all."

"Oh, yes, he always had plenty," the man said simply.

In the pause that followed they heard the soft chink of silver through the wall; Caroline was evidently busy.

Lindsay twisted his face into an ugly smile.

"And I thought he was the squarest of the lot," he said, slowly. "I've said so often. We all did. Pretty easy, weren't we?"

"He is!" The man half rose, but fell back with a grunt of pain.

"Oh, damn this heart!" he complained fretfully. "I don't know what's the matter with me. That fortune woman, she knew. Last week it was I went. 'You're making a plan to end up your business,' she says to me; 'and so you will, Mister, but not the way you think. There's some trouble coming to you, and a child's mixed up in it. Look out for strange dogs,' she says—they all tell me that—and run no risks this month. I don't just like the looks of your hand," she says. And when I saw that child, it was all up with me, I thought. I didn't think the machine would ever get started again. And then that infernal dog . . ."

"We were speaking of— Did you say that Jim—?" Lindsay's voice sounded strange even to himself.

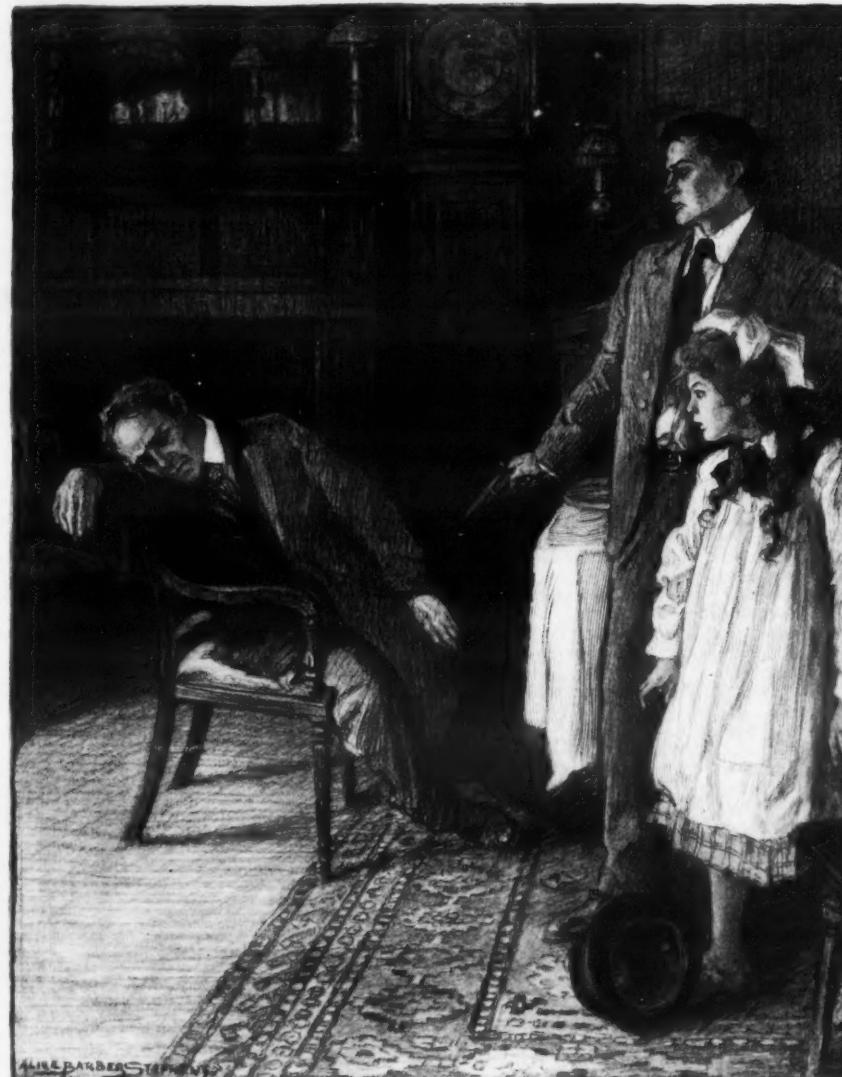
The man blinked a moment.

"What—" he said vaguely—"what about Jim? Oh—he don't know anything about it, of course. I sh'd think you'd know enough for that. That's what I'm telling you, if you'd keep still a minute."

He stared thoughtfully at the floor, and Lindsay waited. Caroline ran up the front stairs, and he had counted each step before the man went on.

"So I sent the money regular every quarter," he muttered, as if continuing some tale, "and I'd go to see him

(Continued on page 26)



The man half rose, but fell back with a grunt of pain

time since he had last addressed her, he noticed Caroline. He frowned, then suddenly his face cleared.

"Look here," he said, his eye again on the man, "do you know where all that silver belongs?"

She nodded.

"I help Selma sometimes."

"Could you put it back so nobody would know?"

"Oh, yes," she answered him; "and the—the things from the bureau, too?"

His lips curled scornfully and his hold on the revolver tightened.

"A thorough job, wasn't it?" he muttered; then controlling himself, he answered evenly: "Oh, yes, might as well get 'em all back. We'll just step into the library a minute."

The man got up and went before him into the library, stumbling as he walked.

Lindsay watched him drop into a seat and stood in front of him.

"What proof have you got that what you said in there is true?" he asked abruptly. "Before we leave the house I must know."

"Proof?" the man repeated. "Proof?" He stared almost vacantly at Lindsay.

"Why, yes," the boy answered impatiently. "You say you're the father of one of the most brilliant men in my class; you wear the pin of his society—a pin I happen to

DECORATION DAY

by Bliss Carman

[The Capitol, West Front]

STAND here in the shadow of the Capitol
And let your eyes range down across the city,
Where marble buildings rise out of a sea
Of tree-tops, and the Monument floats up
All rose and lilac in the morning light,
A thing of magic by the Potomac shore.

ACROSS the river on the wooded bank
Where that colonial portico gleams white,
Is the nation's hallowed ground,—their resting-place
Who gave their lives up gladly for the truth,
Each, as he deemed, a soldier of the right
Impassioned by the justice of his cause.

AND hark, above the car-bells and the cries,
A band is playing! Troops are on the move,
Far down the Avenue a column wheels
To pass the pillared Treasury, on the way
To honor its dead heroes sleeping there
On the heights of Arlington ten thousand strong.

THREE rests my old friend in his soldier's grave,—
Old grim idealist with the tender heart,
The grizzled head, gray eye, and scanty speech,
And hand that never faltered in the fight
Through all the rough work of a long campaign.
God keep you, General, with the heroes gone!

IN MANY a place through all the land to-day,
Mourners will come, and with hands full of flowers
Pay loving honor to the valiant dead
Who gave their last breath for the cause they loved,
For liberty and justice, and flinched not
To pay the utmost for their noble dream.

AND you, O fond and unforgettable ones
Who have no graves to tend for all your loss,
No sacred spot whereat your love may kneel,
But must in silence let the proud tears spring,
Keeping the lonely vigil of the heart,
White the flags flutter and the dead-march plays;

BEHOLD for you the consoling rain shall fall
In odorous assuaging woodland showers,
And wild wood-flowers spring up to deck the ground
Wherever early summer passes now;
And in far valleys where no bugles peal
Shy birds will sing their requiems for your dead.

THHEREFORE, take courage, seeing all natural things
Are not left desolate, but lovely earth
Transmutes each scar and sorrow to her gain,
And from the flux of time and growth renews
Her seasons of indomitable joy,
And breeds new beauty each reviving year.

LET us too live with gladness, and become
A part of that which never can be lost,
But must be merged forever with new power,
The urge, the aspiration, and the gleam,—
All that is infinite and divine in man,
The eternal rescued from mortality.

LET us not doubt, but with an unvexed mind
Bring truth to pass with beauty and with good,
One and sufficient in the last event,
The work made perfect by the loving hand,
The fair ideal translated into fact;
And heaven can not be far from this our world.

AND so we turn from memory to-day
To the fresh tasks, splendid heroic toil,
Triumphs of knowledge and beneficence,
And victories unblemished by regret;
With the untroubled confidence of strength
We go to build the commonwealth of peace.

PAX ET PROSPERO





North, East, South,

Drawn by

CHARLES DINA GIBBS



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South, and West

Drawn by

ES DANA GIBSON



He poured into his mute adoration of her all the inchoate emotions of his youth

The Thread of Gold

The Old Bookseller and the Beautiful Passer-by

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Illustrated by
THOMAS FOGARTY

THE print faded before my eyes: in the second-hand bookshop it had suddenly grown dark. The old bookseller, pattering to the doorway, gazed out at the street, an old-fashioned, shabby little street in a part of town long unchanged—though with the ever-changing city pressing all about it—a part of town like one of those patches of smooth water, full of driftwood, that continue calm, one wonders how, in the midst of a swift current.

"Raining!" chirruped the bookseller, with an accent of intense interest. It was so; the pavements were mottled, in another moment they turned black and glistening, while the brick fronts of the houses opposite abruptly showed long, diagonal swaths of moisture. The rattle of the spring shower became resonant; spray leaped from the cobblestones; the gutters flooded.

"It'll be a good thing for the streets," commented the old man. And, with that well-worn remark, he came in, lit the gas, sat down in a broken chair, and smiled at me sociably.

His eyes, magnified by the thick lenses of his spectacles, appeared out of proportion to his small, gray-bearded, withered face, and, with their look of watery gentleness, dominated all his other features, which were insignificant. The transparency of his bald temples, the length of his meager neck, the thinness of his constricted shoulders, his whole appearance of exceeding delicacy, made one think of the frailness of a new-hatched bird.

And he was full, too, of birdlike movements—of that curious spryness without object which one sees sometimes in little old men whose lives have been spent ineffectually in a trifling and timid bustle.

"Well," he piped, cheerily, "now you'll have to wait till the shower stops!"

"Yes."

And, sitting down in the remaining chair, I offered him a cigar.

"Thanks, I never indulge." Then he added, as if in palliation for not being subject to that vice: "But I enjoy the smell of a good Havana!" And not yet satisfied, he declared further, with an almost swaggering intonation: "I think seriously of taking it up some day. No doubt it would help to pass the time when business is dull."

I stared round me at the dusty, shelf-lined cupboard of a shop.

"How is business now?"

His face clouded; his air of spryness failed.

"Well, not good. And, I must say, nowadays it's never what it was. When I first took over sole charge of this store, after the death of my father, who had it before me, things were different. You see this partition? It wasn't here then. We had the whole place: this part, and the part the plumber next door has now. But times changed. . ." A look of perplexity and helplessness came into his face. "I don't think people can be reading books the way they used to."

Together we gazed, in silence, at the wares going

begging which packed the walls—old books with backs of faded cloth and tattered calf-skin; old, dry books of forgotten authors, crushing in their shriveled pages who can say how many unrealized ambitions; old, defunct books, decaying in the dust, in their disintegration exhaling such curious, haunting, saddening odors, as if the whole place were a charnel-house of dead aspirations.

"How long have you had this store?"

"By myself, you mean? Forty years."

Forty years! Forty years of desiccation in this pocket of a shop, in this torpid corner of a great city, the encircling tumult of whose onrush was hardly beyond hearing! Forty years! Those words were like a talisman revealing, in a flash, a whole life—if, indeed, a lifetime of such pallid living could constitute a life.

But was a whole existence of this color possible; tracing it back, must one not come upon some fuller part, some rosier and brighter aspect, near its origin? Surely, at least in youth—that period of untranslatable yearnings, of confused transports, of all sorts of emotional awakenings—this old man had been thrilled and shaken by some recklessness, some intense craving for experience, some wild, sweet folly? Not even in youth?

A figure, appearing suddenly out of the downpour, plunged through the doorway. This was a tall, slender boy, poorly clothed, his sleeves and trousers too short, his delicate face not yet under his control. When he saw me he stopped abruptly, with a look of confusion. Whirling round to the bookshelves, he began to examine the volumes with exaggerated interest.

The bookseller rose spryly, animated, diminutively urbane.

"Anything in particular?" he twittered.

The boy, thus accosted flatly, gazed at him with startled eyes, blushed, turned as far from me as possible, and, finally, blurted out something in a low tone.

"Sappho?" repeated the old man, blankly, fumbling at his chin. Disappointment clouded his face. He sighed: "I never heard of it."

With a gulp the boy was gone.

Smiling, I said:

"Now, if he had only asked for—" (I picked up a book at random) "the 'Scottish Pulpit,' say—"

A yellow photograph slid from between the leaves. I handed it to the bookseller. He stared at it dumfounded. His fingers trembled.

"You found it there? Well, well! So it was right there, all the time!" Holding it on his knees, he fell into a reverie.

It was the portrait of a woman, her hair arranged under an elaborate chignon, her graceful figure all but concealed by a voluminous ball gown of half a century ago—a shimmering costume decked with trailing fringes and thickly sewn with wax pearls. She was depicted leaning over a low chair in one of those attitudes of exaggerated grace which ladies once assumed before the camera; and her whole beauty had been so remarkable, so full of smothered fire and piercing secrets, that, contemplating this faded memorial of it, the mind was filled with an indefinite regret.

"What a wonderful face!"

"Ah, yes, indeed. It's Adelaide Neilson, the great actress."

"You remember her?"

"Not personally. I just kept this picture, long ago, because it was the perfect image of some one else." And while we sat silent, there entered the doorway a soft breeze, a breeze filtered through the spring rain and exquisitely perfumed thereby, a breeze redolent of sweet, fresh things, revivifying the air, purging the corners of their mustiness, making a different place of the old bookshop.

"A face to make one sad," I said at last.

He raised his eyes to mine wonderingly. Clearing his throat, he uttered, in a sharp, thin tone:

"Why should you think so, if I may ask?"

"Doesn't one often get a curious sadness from looking at such faces in old pictures? They are souvenirs of something vanished, the vivid, personal charm of which we deem ourselves supremely unfortunate never to have known. There, we say, was a beautiful being whose beauty was all for our predecessors, who thrilled the hearts of others, but never our hearts, who was everything to some one, but, alas! never could be anything to us."

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, staring at me intently.

I said:

"I don't think that an extraordinary emotion: isn't it merely a variation, a reaching into the past, of a feeling one may experience any day? In a street which you have frequented unthinkingly for years, have you never seen, amid the passers-by who mean nothing to you, one face suddenly stand out—the face of a stranger, and yet surely not of a stranger, since it seems for the moment to contain something you have always dreamed of, something mysterious, impossible to name, but more valuable to you than anything else in the world? Then, when that face has vanished in the crowd, you say, with a feeling of profound melancholy: 'Why just that one priceless glance, and nothing more forever!'"

"Ah!" he exclaimed again. His eyes seemed larger and more watery. He made a tremulous grimace.

"I ought to know what you mean!" He looked down at the photograph. "Something of that sort once happened to me. I—I was standing at that very door, taking the air, one spring evening nearly forty years ago, when she"—he raised the photograph—"came by, out there."

Involuntarily we both looked through the doorway. The rain was still falling heavily in the empty street.

"Yes, sir, I can remember it as if it was yesterday, though I was a young man then."

He was a young man then; and as he told me of that day, with my mind's eye I could see him rejuvenated—a delicate, pale, gentle boy, a boy of dreams and timid impulses, a stay-at-home without ears for the echoes of the great world, a soul brought up between close walls and always content with restriction and monotony. Such a young man he was, leaning against the lintel of the

bookshop in his quaint garments of another generation, gazing out idly at the little street washed in the spring sunset, when she came by.

At his first glance he must have recognized some indescribable, poignant charm in her, or rather, perhaps, about her like an aura—for thus, an old philosopher has said, do lovable attributes envelop, rather than pervade, a loved one, so that one loves not the material self so much as the unique atmosphere surrounding it. At any rate, it was in that first instant of perception that everything was done. Such a slight incident! She approached; she passed, probably unconscious of him; she was gone. But from that moment the whole world was changed for him.

The next day he waited in his doorway for her; and, at the same hour, she passed by again.

"And every day for five years," he said, "I saw her go by."

"For five years! And never in that time became acquainted with her?"

He stared at me with his large, timid eyes.

"How would I?"

"Ah, that's right," I agreed, looking at his face, his figure, his gnarled hands lying half-open and limp on his knees. "How would you?"

"That's just it, you see!" he chirruped quickly, cocking his head seriously on one side. "But"—after a moment's thought—"it was something, wasn't it, to see her every day?"

She was still a young girl, on that first evening; so, through those five years, he watched her blossom, though so subtly—since he saw her every day—that he himself would have been at a loss to tell wherein she grew more charming month by month, and how it happened, as her emotions and her mind unfolded, that her first virginal attractiveness was intricately enriched. In his eyes, every day she was more beautiful than the day before; and it never failed that her appearance gave him the same thrill, a thrill unweakened by many repetitions, that intense, indefatigable thrill—in most lives accompanying but one romance and in some lives never felt at all—with which the whole nature rouses at the approach of a personality loved absolutely.

For he poured into his mute adoration of her all the inchoate emotions of his youth. She embodied for him all the vague, glittering visions, the tender and extravagant fancies, the wild flights of imagination toward the stars, with which sensitive young hearts are stirred. For him she was Beauty and Love unattainable, and for that reason to be dreamed of in a sweet melancholy. For him she became like an apparition from some superior world, an apparition ineffably lovely, passing every day along the horizon of his humdrum life.

"And so it went." Five years of peering from the doorway, watching and waiting, seeing her go by!

In all that time he learned nothing of her—say, through conjecture, that she must have a superior sort of employment somewhere, since her passing was so invariable and so regular. Where she went, whether she returned, he never knew. Out of the maze of the great city she emerged, crossed that placid district, and vanished into the maze again.

"It didn't occur to you to follow her?"

He seemed astonished, perhaps a little frightened.

"Oh, never! Suppose she had seen me doing it! Besides, what would have been the use? And then"—gazing round vacantly at the cubby-hole wherein we sat—"who would have looked after the store?"

"Yes, of course, the store. . . . Well, after she had been passing for five years, what then?"

"Ah!" His face darkened. "That's what I'm coming to."

One day, when she passed, she was not alone—a man accompanied her. "He was a tall fellow with black, curly whiskers—a big, red-faced brute," said the little, pale bookseller, with an accent of bitterness—intense bitterness, cherished after all those years. "He was one of those fellows with trousers skin-tight, so that he could show his legs, and yellow gloves, and a rattan cane. He was puffing on a cigar! Quite a swell, some might say; but I can judge them—I seem to have a knack that way—and I set him down, right off, as nothing but a vulgar cad. And to be walking with her, blowing smoke in her face!"

His old, mild eyes suddenly struck fire. He exclaimed, in a flat, metallic voice:

"Do you know, I was frightened at myself afterward, for I wanted to rush out and—well, I don't know what I wanted to do!"

In short, the silent watcher in the doorway, always

hitherto, in his sequestered life, a stranger to violent emotions, was stabbed to the heart with a terrible jealousy. Not so remote, for all his hermitage, from the hurly-burly of passions that love could not get to him, he had also to experience its torments—as if, no matter how well he had immured himself, Fate, with intense experiences to distribute, had inexorably dug him out.

For there began for him, that day, a period of agony, in which he had to see the divinity he worshiped—if he was to see her at all—pass every evening with a man who was all that he was not. His keen eyes perceived in those two strolling figures innumerable minute signs eloquent of developing courtship, until he could not bear to go to the door when it was time for her to pass. In the back of his shop, surrounded, in the dusk, by his musty wares, he sat gnawing out his heart while listening for their footfalls, unfortified by any philosophy, feeling always at his heart the same dumb despair, because he was losing something that he had never tried to gain.

Then, one day, she disappeared.

"They had got married, I suppose, and she had gone away with him."

So he was left with dreams for company, dreams of experiences inexpressibly tenuous—adventures only of stolen looks and solitary raptures—yet surely, for all their slightness, precious dreams, since the mind does not find anywhere in life an allure so delicate, so touching, so exquisitely haunting, as from the thought of unrequited love. . . .

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen!"

An old man was in the doorway leaning on his cane: a lean, solemn old man wearing a threadbare frock coat and a rusty top-hat. He bowed to us.

"May I ask if you happen to have a copy of an old book by Holland, called 'Bitter-sweet'?"

The bookseller rose with an eager smile.

"Oh, that I have!" And he took from the shelf a slim, faded volume, beat the dust from it, and handed it, with a little flourish, to the customer.

The old stranger, tucking his cane—which lacked a ferrule—under his arm, turned the pages slowly, with a lingering touch, his face wearing an expression of sombreness. Now and then, when he read a passage, his chin moved up and down upon his frayed cravat, and he remained for a moment motionless, gazing before him, rapt in thought. For a long time he pored over the pages. The shower was over, and in the street a hazy yellow radiance, the glow of the sunset, was prevailing. The little shop was filled with a mellow light. The bookseller turned off the gas.

At last the stranger looked at us with a sweet smile.

"This is a very beautiful work, gentlemen," he assured us. Then, with a sigh, putting the volume down reluctantly, for the first time losing a little of his composure: "I—I didn't want to buy it. I—merely wanted to look at it again. I thank you."

He bowed and went out, clearing his throat repeatedly from embarrassment.

The bookseller, all the animation banished from his face, mechanically picked up the faded photograph and contemplated, absent-mindedly, the beautiful face that reminded him of his lost goddess.

"So that," I asked, at length, "was the end, then, of your romance?"

"No," he replied, glancing at the clock. "Though for thirty-odd years I thought it was. Through all that time I used to wonder: was she still with him? Was she fortunate? Was she happy? Had she children? Or was she dead? Every day I thought of her. Sometimes, about this hour, I'd go to the door and say: 'Nearly time for her!' And, one day, a few months ago, when I was standing there, pretending, I saw her coming! She had come back!"

"She had come back!"

"Yes." His pallid face was transfigured; his eyes seemed about to overflow. Then, as if this were the greatest boon that life could have granted him: "Imagine, after all these years, she came back to me! Every evening now, I see her pass!"

He looked again at the clock, went to the doorway, and peered out. The clouds had broken in the west; the street was flooded with a golden light.

Suddenly he whispered:

"Quick!"

And, standing there in the shelter of the lintel, so close to him that I could feel him trembling, I saw a little old woman, poorly clothed, with the disfigurements of toil and suffering on her wrinkled face, pass by at a tired sort of trot, without a sidelong glance.

Medals for the Men of the Hour

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS have at last come into their own. The rewards and applause which a fickle public are so ready to bestow after the worry and struggle are over and the battle won are now theirs. By the end of the summer the two modest young men of Dayton, Ohio, ought to have enough medals to cover their coats. The one represented here is to be presented to the Wrights by President Taft in the White House on June 10. It is given by the Aero Club of America. On June 17 and 18 the city of Dayton is going to turn itself loose for the Wright Brothers Home Celebration, during which National, State, and city medals will be presented to the brothers. There will be parades and general jubilation, and the enthusiastic Daytonians expect from 150,000 to 200,000 strangers to attend





C "The Trouble Hunter,"
the first adventure of Bill
Simms and his Circus, appeared
in the issue of April 24

WHEN Willie Simms reached the mature age of seventeen he decided on a life of danger and adventure. He therefore ran away from his Salem home and joined a circus. At twenty he was an animal trainer, and at forty he was sole proprietor of the Simms International Circus and Menagerie. For nearly a quarter of a century he conducted the affairs of this enterprise, amassed a modest fortune, but constantly bewailed the enervating placidity of his career.

In all these years nothing really thrilling had happened to this daring but shrewd Yankee. He went to the extreme of making a trip along the dangerous coasts of South America. This added to his bank account, but he did not lose a man or an animal, neither did he have a single experience worth relating. In sheer disgust he headed his circus and menagerie for the tropical islands of the south seas.

"Perhaps somethin' may happen," old Bill Simms argued, "if I go battin' intew places whar that's likely tew be earthquakes, volcano eruptions, cannibals, etcetera."

Mr. Simms had an inspiration while in Suva, metropolis of the Fijian Islands. He chartered the little trading schooner, *Daisy D.*, owned and commanded by Captain Jed Blout, and set forth for Sydney, Australia.

"I reckon nobody ever pulled off a stunt like this," he said. "If I can tote this bunch of animals on this sailin' tub through all them islands on the map without nothin' happenin', why, I might as well give up huntin' fer trouble."

Five days out of Suva the *Daisy D.* ran into a typhoon, was blown like a chip against the coast of a small island on which was a large volcano in violent eruption; Mr. Simms and most of his menagerie were washed from the deck into a sea bombarded by white-hot rocks, but were carried ashore on the back of "John L.", the massive and intelligent elephant who gave a tone of real distinction to the Simms aggregation. By a miraculous chance the schooner was driven into an inlet and was safely anchored in a secluded cove.

MR. SIMMS was bruised but delighted when he stood on the deck of the schooner the following evening. "That sure was worth while, cap'an!" he declared to the owner of the *Daisy D.*. "I reckon that breaks my spell of tough luck. This is the only excitin' thing that's happened tew me like what I've read in books. It kinder gives me faith, cap'an, an' perks me up a lot. How long dwe ya calculate tew stay here?"

"No longer than I can help," gruffly responded Captain Blout. "I'd head her out now if I had a little more wind. Don't like the way that volcano's acting," and he glanced to the east and shook his fist at a huge column of smoke and fire.

There were constant rumblings, frequent heavy detonations, and other manifestations that the initial upheaval had not restored an equilibrium of what Bill Simms termed its "infernal forces."

"That old mud-drum sure has got indigestion," he said, reflectively. "The next time the old beleher turns loose I speaks fer a bomb-proof reserved seat erbout a hundred miles ter win'ard. Look at that, will ye!" he exclaimed. "Somethin's startin' over thar right now!"

It had been pitch dark save for the intermittent flare from the tortured mountain, but Bill Simms pointed to a strange light which suddenly crawled along the edge of a cliff that reared a thousand dizzy feet above the waters of the cove. A broad river of lava poised an instant on the brink of this precipice, then fell the drop of six Niagars into the deep water at its base.

"Let's pull our freight, cap'an; an' pull it darned quick," exclaimed old Bill Simms, shading his eyes from the heat. "I've read erbout active volcanoes ever since I'se a kid, but this busy old hummock's too active fer any use. Let's beat it."

The retreat of the ambitious tyrant

The captain of the *Daisy D.* needed no urging. There was barely enough wind to stir the sails, and its slant required a tack which brought the schooner still nearer the cataract of white-hot lava. When Captain Blout put her about the breeze failed entirely and the ship drifted still nearer the column of plunging fire. The heat was intense. A stay-sail burst into flame.

"Guess we're goners, cap'an," stolidly muttered old Bill Simms, "but I'm gettin' a run fer my money. Driftin' with a menagerie intew a waterfall of lava is a thrillin' finish fer an old fool who went browsin' 'round the tropics huntin' fer trouble. Thar blazes 'nuther sail, cap'an!"

In the nick of time a puff of wind filled the unburned sails of the *Daisy D.*, and ten minutes later she was out of the immediate danger zone. Her sides were blistered and smoking, but shortly after midnight the schooner crawled through the inlet and was again on the broad expanse of the South Pacific.

The moaning of the seared and half-suffocated animals ceased; the wearied sailors and circus men threw themselves on the decks and drank deep of the glorious air; Captain Blout turned the wheel over to one of his men and staggered below, but old Bill Simms leaned on the rail and gazed long at the flaming torch of the volcano and traced its angry reflection on the slow heave of the sea.

A wan moon lifted a grotesque horn above the shoulder of the mountain and cast an uncanny shimmer on the deep; two sea monsters fought and tinged the water with their crimson. "John L." lifted his trunk and sounded a sympathetic blast, and then silence fell, save for the creaking of the rigging under the strain of a freshening wind.

"That's a fine summer resort," mused old Bill Simms. "Just the place fer an old ladies' home or a sanatorium for nervous folks seekin' absolute quiet. Guess I'll rub somethin' on my blisters an' turn in. Things sure are happenin'."

Mr. Simms learned in the morning that they were headed for Cocoanut Island, an elongated atoll about one hundred miles away. Its single village was occasionally visited by trading vessels, and boasted a lumber yard and appliances for ship repairs—hence this change of course by Captain Blout.

"Be the inhabitants of this here Cocoanut Island cannibals?" asked the circus man.

"They uster be," admitted the captain, "but they don't cannibal much these days—only when they have wars."

"Progress has ruined purty everythin' worth while—cept volcanoes," sadly asserted Mr. Simms. "Now I don't suppose these reformed heathen have even got a king?"

The King of Cocoanut Island

"John L.," the Yankee Elephant, Puts his Trunk into International Complications

By

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Illustrated by DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

"They had the last time I was there. Big fat fellow with eleven wives. Calls himself Jingo—King Jingo."

"Leven wives," repeated old Bill Simms, thoughtfully poising a chunk of meat on a fork. "This here King Jingo's a brave old sinner; eh, cap'an? 'Leven wives almost under the equator. Beats thunder what folks will do."

The wind held true, and early that afternoon the *Daisy D.* dropped anchor a quarter of a mile outside the tumbling surf. Canoes put out from shore and some favored savages were admitted on board, among them a half-naked pilot who skilfully worked the battered and scorched craft in past saw-edged reefs and warped her to a wharf which projected well out into the lagoon. Mr. Simms studied the straggling village and its assembled inhabitants with keen interest.

The bamboo "palaces" of King Jingo fronted the wharf, and five or six hundred huts lined the beach on both sides of it. There were smelly piles of copra, crates of cacao beans, nodding palms, picturesque groups of natives, swarms of nude children, a dapper little missionary and two white traders. The latter annoyed Mr. Simms, who wished this scene set with no reminder of civilization, but he forgot these intruders when he saw the king.

A four-pound gun barked a salute from the sandy court of the royal palace, and when it ceased there came to view a shaggy white donkey hitched to a side-bar buggy in which reclined a stout, copper-colored gentleman scantily arrayed in hip adornments, his head surmounted by a white plug hat. The vehicle had a generous width of seat, but King Jingo completely filled it.

His Majesty was unloaded, escorted aboard the schooner by the little missionary, greeted with slight humility by Captain Blout, and introduced to Mr. Simms.

"Mighty glad tew meet yer Rile Highness," heartily exclaimed the circus man. "Climate seems to agree with you, king. How long have you ruled this here island?"

"Ten year," replied the monarch. "Dew yer men tote spears 'round all the time?" asked Mr. Simms, noting that most of the savages were thus armed, and that some of them carried rusty rifles.

The king frowned, waved a fat hand to the south in an eloquent gesture, and muttered something which was unintelligible to the inquisitive visitor. The missionary came to the rescue.

"He says he fears an attack from the natives of an island thirty miles to the south of here," he translated. "The two tribes have been at war for years, and I have been unable to put an end to it."

"They come—I lick um—I do um!" cried King Jingo. "Damn! Caramba!" he added.

"Surest thing you know, king," declared the delighted Bill Simms. "I only hope they'll come while I'm here. Put her thar," he said, offering his hand. "Put her thar, king; bully fer you, an' I'll be mighty glad tew help ye."

At that inspiring moment one of the Bengal tigers emitted a blood-curdling yell, and it was with difficulty that His Majesty was restrained from jumping into the lagoon.

"Shoo! yer Rile Highness," soothingly said old Bill Simms, "that's nothin' but one of the animals in my menagerie. I don't reckon ye ever saw a menagerie, eh, king? Come below an' look 'em over."

The purport of the Simms International Circus and



The wrath of Captain Blout

Menagerie was finally made partially clear to the ruler of Cocoanut Island, and after much urging he went down the companionway and cautiously approached beasts never imagined even in his dreams. His island domain boasted no fauna larger than a rat, and the sight of "John L." dazed and entranced him, but he had an instinctive fear of the big cats, and frankly indicated the same.

"No like! Bad! Malo! Damn! Caramba!" he fluently said, pointing to the tigers' cage.

"Yer Rile Highness makes me tired," scornfully asserted old Bill Simms. "Let me show ye somethin'."

To the horror alike of the king and the Reverend Reginald Jones he threw open the door of the cage, grabbed the larger tiger by the scuff of the neck, yanked him to the floor, kicked his striped sides and cuffed his ears. King Jingo crowded against the uprights which confined "John L.", and that playful pachyderm deftly removed the royal head-gear and waved it triumphantly abroad. An employee rescued the white plug hat and returned it to the frightened monarch.

"This is Prince," explained Mr. Simms. "I'll take him out tew the beach an' put him through some of his stunts. Come on!"

He dragged the tiger up the companionway and sprang with him to the wharf. The clustered subjects of the monarch were precipitate in their eagerness to yield a right of way. King Jingo hesitated, but pride gave him courage and he followed at a conservative distance. Simms piloted the beast to a clump of tall palms which fringed the edge of the lagoon, and here was joined by the king and a few of his more intrepid officers and soldiers, all of whom watched with delight the exhibition which followed.

The daring trainer made Prince jump through his hands, turn hand-springs, stand on his head and perform other acts, the great cat growling, spitting, and glaring at his master with flaming eyes. The king's fear vanished, and he finally stood so near that he could almost touch the flanks of the leaping animal.

Bill Simms paused. It was hot work. The tiger turned, took one ugly look at the tyrant of Cocoanut Island, gave vent to a prodigious roar and sprang over the head of that exalted personage and stuck his claws in the pulpy bark of the tallest pine. He went up it like a kitten chased by a dog, then snarled down from a nest of drooping fronds, full seventy feet above his angry owner and the startled king.

Persuasion and commands were wasted by Mr. Simms in attempts to lure the tiger from his lofty retreat, and the old man was in a quandary. He could not climb the palm, and to cut it down would likely maim or kill the beast, and Prince was a valuable member of his animal family. He walked around and around the palm, and perspired and swore profusely. King Jingo shook his fat sides in unrestrained royal delight, Simms glowering alternately at him and the tiger. Then he had an inspiration.

"Wade out into that water, Jack," he said to one of his men, pointing to the lagoon, the waters of which lapped the roots of the palm. "See how deep it is twenty or thirty feet out."

The test indicated four or five feet of water.

"That's all right. Now bring "John L." an' erbout three hundred feet of rope," he ordered, mopping his brow and turning to the king. "Keep yer eyes on yer Uncle Dudley," he said. "I'll show yer Rile Highness a Yankee trick worth knowin'. An' as fer you," he yelled, shaking a bony fist at the elevated tiger, "as fer you, consarn yer barber-pole hide—I'll see whether ye'll come down outer thar."

A few minutes later an elephant set foot for the first time on the hot sands of Cocoanut Island, and the total population followed at a safe distance.

"Shin' up that tree with the rope an' hitch it purty well up the trunk, Jack," was Bill Simms' next order.

The aerobat climbed the palm

with the dexterity of a monkey, nor did he stop until he was almost within reach of the lunging strokes of the tiger's claws. Then he made fast and slid down. Simms dragged the rope directly away from the lagoon, then handed the end to "John L."

"Pull, darn ye; pull!" he commanded.

The huge elephant coiled the rope around his trunk and moved away from the shore. As the line tightened the top of the palm began to bend. Lower and lower it sagged as "John L." applied his enormous weight and strength. Simms backed with him, knife in hand, until the fronds were at a sharp angle from the base of the palm, the taut rope quivering like the string of a bow —then he slashed it.

As the palm shot back there was catapulted from its apex a tawny, fury, yowling streak which spread out four helpless claws in vain imitation of a flying-squirrel. Prince struck the water of the lagoon fully fifty feet from the beach, and when Bill Simms lassoed and dragged him ashore the beast was so cowed that the old man had not the heart to whip him. Jack led the coughing and dripping tiger back to the schooner.

"I did that ter show yer Rile Highness that a man has tew know a heap before he can run a menagerie," modestly asserted old Bill Simms.

"Fine! Gran! Bully!" exclaimed King Jingo. "How much you take for he?" pointing to the elephant. "Me do dat to Laoepo. Fine! Gran! Damn! Give t'ree esposas for he?"

"What's that?"

"Laoepo is the king of the tribe he is at war with," sadly explained the little missionary. "King Jingo wishes to buy the elephant so that he can throw Laoepo out of a palm. He offers three of his wives for him."

"Not enough," grinned the circus man, "but tell his Rile Highness that I'll jolt that Laoepo guy outer a tree for nothin' if he'll catch him."

Bill Simms was the guest of the king at dinner that evening, and was in high spirits when he returned to the schooner.

"I'm tew give a circus performance by Rile Appointment," he announced to Captain Blout. "We're goin' tew set the tents up in the Rile front yard to-morrer, an' give the first show in the evenin'. These savages have no real money, so I've agreed tew take pearls, an' the king an' his bunch will be the only dead-heads, 'ceptin' the missionary an' you, cap'an."

Fully fifteen hundred copper-colored natives exchanged pearls for pasteboard tickets and crowded into the main tent. About half of them were armed with spears and guns. An attack by King Laoepo's tribe had been anticipated for months, and the ruler of Cocoanut Island was taking no chance of a surprise.

King Jingo, his eleven wives, his cabinet and war chiefs, Captain Blout, and the missionary occupied a box brave in tropical decorations. The delight of the assembled Cocoans was unbounded as the tawdry splendor of the circus was displayed before them. The antics of the clowns, the skill of the bare-backed riders, the daring feats of the gymnasts, the intelligence of the performing dogs, and other acts aroused these simple savages to frenzied yells of applause and the clashing of spears.

Then came the climax, the entrance of that most gigantic and wonderful of elephants, the peerless "John L." assisted by Mr. William Simms, gorgeous in a flaming suit of red velvet. The elephant walked over him, the natives holding their breaths as each massive foot barely missed crushing him. "John L." waltzed to the cracked strains of an orchestra, raised his master high in the air with his trunk, and did other wonders never before equally appreciated.

Attendants then covered the ample bulk of "John L." with a huge and tinsel blanket, and to this was added a clanking and glittering war harness, after which eight men with much difficulty hoisted and adjusted the most ornate howdah ever conceived outside the brain of a romantic novelist.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," shouted old Bill Simms, ignoring the fact that not five in the audience could understand

a word of English, "ladies an' gentlemen, the performance will now conclude with a triumphant march round the ring, in which his Rile Highness, yer gracious sovereign, together with two or three of his favorite wives; yer affable missionary, the Reverend Reginald Jones, formerly of Ter'Hut, Indiana; also the commander-in-chief of yer army an' navy, will all ride in that howdah, an' totin' 'em is as easy for 'John L.' as pullin' a baby carriage. Step right this way, yer Rile Highness, an' don't lose yer nerve!"

This addition to the regular performance had been planned in advance, and those selected left the royal box and were assisted up a ladder into the howdah. Highly burnished native spears were handed to each of the passengers, thus vastly enhancing the warlike effect. The missionary hesitated to lend himself to a duty so unpacific.

"Don't crab the act," pleaded Bill Simms. "Take a spear an' be a good feller," and the Reverend Jones reluctantly yielded to this appeal.

"John L." lifted his master to his place as mahout, astride the leathery neck with his legs covered by the folds of the great ears. Mr. Simms carried a spear in one hand and a goad in the other. The orchestra sounded the strains of "Hail to the Chief." "John L." started his lumbering stride around the ring, the howdah swaying with his uneven gait, the spears gleaming, the tinsel glittering, and the crowd so awed at the splendor of the spectacle that they forgot to cheer.

They had made half the circuit of the ring and were opposite the main exit when a distant shot was heard, followed instantly by a number of reports and an uncanny yell, then a savage dashed into the ring and shouted words which had a magical effect. King Laoepo and his warriors had attacked the village.

The armed portion of the audience slashed through the canvas walls in their eagerness to reach the open air and meet the invaders. The women set up wild cries and ran madly to and fro. The king was shouting at the top of his voice and vainly trying to find some way to reach the ground, but dared not jump.

"The king wants to get out and so do I," yelled the missionary, leaning over the front of the howdah.

"Tell the king that this is the best darned place in the world tew fight, an' that 'John L.' an' I are goin' intew action right now," old Bill Simms shouted back. "Stick tew yer perch, parson, an' I'll promise ye the time of yer life. Haw, 'John L.'; haw, darn ye, an' get a move on!"

The lumbering brute moved rapidly through the exit, which now was clear. The warriors were hurriedly being drawn up in front of the palace, and Simms steered the elephant that way.

"I sure am gettin' a run fer my money on this island," he soliloquized, as he peered out into the gloom.

"It took a long time fer things tew begin happenin', but I've got no kick comin' lately."

From a distant grove of palms there came a fusillade of shots which did no damage, and then a fiendish chorus of yells as the naked warriors of King Laoepo charged across the broad court fronting the palace.

It must be explained that the interruption to "the triumphant parade" had robbed the spectators of a sight which had long been a special feature of Simms' International Circus and Menagerie, and of which Mr. Simms, its originator, was justly proud. Within the howdah was a powerful electrical battery, and on its framework and the connecting harness were hundreds of tiny incandescent globes, all of which glowed with light on the turning of a lever. With the regular circus lights suddenly turned low, and the mammoth form of "John L." thus coruscated, the effect was one which never failed to appeal even to the most blasé of audiences.

The front rank of the oncoming savages was visible when Bill Simms turned the switch and spoke words to "John L."

The advancing hosts of King Laoepo saw a flaming monster dash toward them. His eyes were two blazing red balls; his snake of a trunk writhed high in air, and from his throat came a trumpet blast which rocked the night air and which would have appalled King Richard of the Lion Heart. On his brow was an armed red devil with a white beard, and on his back was a burning castle filled with shrieking warriors, their naked skins bathed with an unearthly light.

It is no more than just that Mr. William Simms should be permitted to give his version of what followed.

"I reckon it was the funniest battle ever fought,"



"How much you take for he?"



"The slickest head-first dive I ever seen"



Bill Simms swore profusely

he narrates. "One minute 'John L.' an' I was engaged in a peaceful pursuit of entertainin' them Cocoanut Islanders, an' the next we was plunged into the horrors of war. I plumb forgot that them favorite wives of King Jingo was on board, but it all happened so blame quick that I didn't have time to pay notice tew sich details. The big guy, who was a sort of generalissimo tew King Jingo, piled off when we got outdoors and jined his brave troops, but the king himself an' his wives and the missionary stuck. They couldn't dew anythin' else."

"Back of us was erbout eight hundred of King Jingo's savages howlin' defiance tew the invaders, an' ahead of us was the oncomin' an' relentless foe. It was an awful racket, and the king an' them two wives of his'n helped a lot, an' when I turned on them lights—well, it sure was interestin'."

"The eight hundred brave warriors belongin' tew King Jingo was gettin' ready tew charge when old 'John L.' blazed up like a torch in the bottom of a well, an' they just naturally turned an' beat it one way, an' the savage fiends ruled by King Laopepo paused in their mad career an' just naturally beat it tother way."

"I suppose you know that an elephant can run like the devil, an' 'John L.' holds all records fer everythin'. He was in their midst in the jerk of a lamb's tail. I don't suppose 'John L.' ever enjoyed a happier ten minutes in his life, an' that animal has had lots of fun since I've owned him. He entered right intew the spirit of the thing. He made noises with that horn of his'n that I never heard him let loose before nor since. Perhaps 'twas the tropical environment—as my daughter Sally would say—then 'agin, mebbe he liked or disliked the smell of them savages, but anyhow, the way he rampaged erbout an' bellowed was worth livin' sixty-five years tew see an' hear."

"Did he kill any of 'em? Of course not. That ain't 'John L.'s disposition. He was just playful, and he seemed tew know just what had happened an' what was expected of him. He'd pick up a slippery savage an' toss him heels over appetite intew a herd that was yellin' an' tryin' tew get away, an' then he'd up with his trunk and let out one of 'em cheerful blasts ye could er heard five miles away in the cellar of a rollin' mill."

"There was mor'n a thousand of them invadin' warriors, as we later learned, an' they had sneaked up the lagoon in a big fleet of war canoes. The main body whooped it back tew the beach an' piled intew them canoes, but 'John L.' cut off one division of the army an' chased it through a jungle, an' every minute I thought that howdah would be raked off his back. Them wives never let up their squawkin' fer a second, but King Jingo gradually got back his nerve, an' I afraid he jabbed some of them fleein' warriors with his spear, but the parson says he did his best to restrain him an' avoid the sheddin' of blood."

"All at onct his Rile Highness leaned over the front of the howdah an' yelled in my ear.

"'Laopepo! Laopepo!' he hollered, pointin' with his spear tew a tall an' long-legged savage that 'John L.' seemed tew be headed right fer. 'Laopepo! Laopepo! Get he! Kill he! Damn! Caramba!' an' some more gentle exclamations in his own lingo."

"I spoke tew 'John L.' an' pointed tew that defeated an' hurryin' monarch with my spear, an' you can bet that the old bundle of leather understood just what I said to him. He let out his stride a few feet more an' overtook that ambitious tyrant like an express train does a lame tramp. Out went that long trunk. It gathered in that squeelin' savage an' histed him up an' back fer my inspection. King Jingo made a jab at him with his spear, but fell short, an' I pushed him back in his cage an' told the missionary tew take his spear away, which he did."

"'John L.' rested that Laopepo person on his tusks an' we withdrew from the field of battle because that was no one left tew chase, an' went back tew the palace with two kings on board, King Laopepo restin' firmly out ahead, an' King Jingo yippin' joyously on top. The last war canoe was pushed out from shore just erbout the time them batteries give out. The war was over, an' when 'John L.' reached the palace I fell off his neck an' most died laughin'."

"First thing I did was tew have my men stand guard over the captured King Laopepo. What tew do with him, darned if I knew. If I turned him over tew King Jingo it was a sure thing he would adorn the dinner

table as soon as we left the island. Then I had another inspiration.

"'See here, yer Rile Highness!' I said tew that cruel monarch, who was prancin' erbout an' dyin' tew stick a spear intew his captured foe. 'Yesterday I promised you I'd jolt this Laopepo person off a tree, if we caught him. I'm a man of my word! Jack, go get that rope!'

"King Jingo was delighted, naturally, but suggested that it would be best tew jolt him off ontew the ground, but I wouldn't stand fer that. I wanted tew give Laopepo a swim fer his money."

"Laopepo was a slim-Jim of a king, an' when we boosted him part way up that palm an' said a few kind words an' pointed sky-ard he went up like that slippery bark was an elevator. Jack followed him with the rope, hitched it good an' strong, an' then 'John L.' an' I did the rest."

"In the mean time them intelligent savages had built a big bonfire, an' when I cut the rope and let that palm whip back, why, that King Laopepo shot intew the lagoon through a cloud of smoke an' sparks, an' it was one of the most effective acts I ever pulled off. He must er traveled seventy feet before he struck the water, an' blame' if he didn't right hisself in mid-air and strike the lagoon head-first an' make the slickest dive I ever seen."

"My men lined the beach an' kept them eager an' still hostile heathen from handicappin' Laopepo by stickin' his skin full er spears. He swum full two hundred feet under water, an' I watched him 'till he faded in the gloom. Did he get away? Sure he did! Rejoined his navy an' paddled with it to his own island, an' Cap'an Blout tells me he's never come back, an' I reckon he won't."

"That's erbout all thar is worth tellin' erbout the Cocoanut Island end of my hunt fer excitin' troubles, but plenty of things worth while happened later on. We left five days after the battle. King Jingo was so stuck on 'John L.' that he offered all 'leven of his wives in trade, but I'm not a marryin' man, besides I've got a little black-eyed wife back in Salem who can lick that whole Cocoanut Island harem as easy as 'John L.' an' I did that army of King Laopepo's."

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

In Toto

THE acute excitement in European Turkey and in England has a little subsided. The French strike of Government employees, after flaring up with threats of an unlighted Paris excommunicated from the rest of civilization, is again flattening off, apparently, into peaceable settlement.

As the mind runs all round the world and back again, it is good to see a hull in the rather savage activities of the weeks preceding. For the moment, the world is weary of its own unruly temper and passions, and rests from violence. By the time this is in the hands of our longest-distance subscriber, it may well be that we shall be back at our slaughterings again. But meanwhile we celebrate, however brief, the reign of peace.

Throughout our own borders we turn from tariff turmoil, and sugar and cheese pilferings and wheat crimes, to the gentle days of grammar school, high school, and college graduation. Soon the boy will take his stand on the flag-wreathed platform, and with occasional prompting speak brave words for God, for country, and for home. The white-gowned girl graduates will file by, carrying a shy promise of the wonderful years to be.

And then, a little later, the land will be filled with the kindly drone of conventions—educational, religious, economic—by lake and sea, where they take tired people to the islands of the blest.

The Newly Cast Shadow of God

WITH the Ceremony of the Sword, the Turks have brought a new Sultan into being; the uproar in Asia Minor is dying down; the golden nest-egg of Abdul, the dethroned, has been uncovered—these are the episodes of a week in the Ottoman Empire.

Mohamed V was girt with the sword of Osman on May 10 in the Mosque Ayoub. Standing in front of the buildings that compose the Sublime Porte, this new calif of the califs drew from its sheath the simitar and raised it on high. It is the ancient sword worn by thirty-four of his ancestors, and by twenty-eight of them since Constantinople was conquered. The sword was girded on the new monarch by the "Holy One of Konia," Chelibi, grand master of Dancing Dervishes; and the rite signifies that the spiritual power passes with the temporal to the new ruler.

A monarch he is, blue-eyed and fair of hair, with a pointed mustache, a kindly expression of face, and a rather diffident manner. The New York "Sun" is authority for the statement that he is a book-lover.

"A Paris Orientalist has in his possession an extremely rare volume of Persian poems translated into Turkish by Rechad Effendi, now Mohamed V. The book was intended for private circulation only, and very few copies were printed. The translation, it is said, shows a rare knowledge of Persian and a profound understanding of its poetic genius."

He is starred with as many titles as a "social worker." He is the Shadow of God upon Earth. He is Sultan of Sultans, King of Kings, Bestower of Crowns upon the Princes of the World, Emperor and Sovereign Lord

of the White Sea and the Black Sea, of Rumelia and Anatolia, of Carmania, Roum, Kurdistan, Azerbaijan, Cham, Aleppo, Egypt, Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem the Holy, of all the countries of Arabia and the Yemen, and, moreover, of an Infinity of Provinces Gloriously Acquired.

He is protector of the Mussulman religion, sovereign and padishah of all the Ottomans. His majesty is irresponsible, his person sacred. He invests governors, names ministers, coins money, declares war, makes peace, and commands the armies by sea and land.

Clad in olive-green khaki, and, later, inhaling a cigarette, the shy, kindly, weak-faced Rechad stepped in under this downpour of glory.

The anachronistic Sick Man on a Tottering Throne has been replaced by the modern problems of social reform, constitutional government, warring tribes, and tangled finance. And still to the faith of the Turk, high over all this quivering, intricate network of human affairs, sits Mahmud on his golden throne.

Vivacious Paris

NEXT to a clever play or a daring novel, Paris enjoys a revolution. It makes for good talk and it keeps the world's most beautiful city fertilized with ideas. Paris is still tumultuous over the question of the right of Government employees to form unions, to affiliate with workmen in private employ, and to strike.

A brisk debate in the Chamber of Deputies on May 14 preceded a vote of confidence in Premier Clemenceau and his Cabinet, the vote standing 365 to 159. The Government's policy of opposing the employees in their efforts to unionize was endorsed by 454 to 59. The five hundred Deputies made a day of it before proceeding to the vote. They shouted, hooted, exchanged insults, and shook fists. The Socialist members sang the "Internationale," the Radicals replied with the "Marseillaise," and a Royalist statesman chanted "Monsieur de Charette."

The striking Government postmen of Paris have called

on the General Federation of Labor for aid. No one knows how many men are on strike. M. Barthou, the Minister of Public Works, Posts, and Telegraphs, states that only 2,367 out of 24,205 postal employees in Paris and the Department of the Seine are out. The strike leaders allege that there are 8,538 strikers in Paris and that twenty-five provincial cities are without postal service.

The days and nights are made picturesque by knots of men singing snatches from the "Internationale," whose first lines run:

"Arise, accursed of the world,
Arise, slaves of hunger!"

Government employees are so snugly knit into the structure of the Republic that their united action is not of merely academic or class interest. The state is paramount and must remain sovereign over any body of citizens.

But the grievances of the men are real. They are fivefold: (1) There is too much Executive interference with the liberty of employees. (2) The friends and relations of Government supporters receive the preference in appointment. (3) The *viva voce* examination and the personality of the examiners lend themselves to favoritism. (4) The Government has been known to maintain a widespread intelligence department to spy on employees, with resultant favoritism in promotions. (5) Punishment has been dealt out with injustice.

Some such system as a new bureau, with a Cabinet member at the head, will be created, by which grievances may be registered and then redressed.

It is the task of Clemenceau to define the legal status of Government employees, and at the same time to conserve their well-being. This means neither repression nor demagogery, but plain statesmanship.

"The Red Flag Budget"

FOR several generations England's Chancellors of the Exchequer have made the presentation of the Budget an annual event. It has been the occasion of brilliant oratory and renowned feats of memory. Goschen, Michael Hicks-Beach, Harcourt, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Peel were of those who gave a luster to columns of figures. But as a thought-producer, David Lloyd-George has outpaced his mighty predecessors. His Budget has distanced the *Dreadnoughts* for inducing panic and clamor.

The reverberations grow louder each week. On May 14 several well-known bankers and merchants protested by letter to Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, stating that: "We feel that the prosperity of all classes has been greatly due to the fact that this country has afforded indisputable safety for invested capital, and we should deeply regret it if this conviction were in any way weakened."

Among the signers are Rothschild & Sons, Baring Bros., Brown, Shipley & Co., J. S. Morgan & Co.

Those who dislike the death duties, income tax, and the other proposals to tax the rich call the document "Lloyd-George's Red Flag budget."



David Lloyd-George

Chancellor of the Exchequer,
author of the tax on the rich
called "the red flag budget"



Dayton, Ohio, conducted them home in a carriage at the head of a procession to the tooting of horns and the booming of cannon. They will soon "demonstrate" at Fort Myer



The Home-Coming of the Wrights

Wilbur and Orville Wright and their sister were welcomed on May 11 by New York City on their return from a triumphal European tour. Two days later their city of



Raisin sherbets and raisin cocktails cheered the sojourners in the palaces of drink. There were raisin luncheons and raisin dinners in clubs, hotels, and homes. One newspaper gave away to needy and greedy patrons 14,000 raisin sandwiches.

Fresno declared a half-holiday and enjoyed a night parade of illuminated automobiles—all for the cause.

George Meredith

IN THE death of George Meredith, on May 18, English letters have had one more grievous loss in a year of losses. Although recognition was tardy, in his closing years he was ranked as one of the great line of English novelists, continuing the tradition that opened with Richardson and Fielding, passed on with Smollett, and came to a full bloom with Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot. At no long distance, he was one of that procession.

George Meredith was born on February 12, 1828, in Hampshire, England. He received a portion of his education—a portion that was shaping in its effects on his intellect—in Germany. He began his active life with the study of law, but soon turned to journalism, and thence swung into literature, where he continued steady production in poetry, narration, and essays till the closing years of his life.

He opened his strictly literary career with a volume of poems published in the year 1851. In 1855 appeared his Oriental prose phantasy, "The Shaving of Shagpat"; in 1857 a medieval Germanic tale, "Farina."

It was just fifty years ago, in 1859, that Meredith published perhaps the supreme book of his career. He called it "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." It is doubtful if he ever touched the high places again with so sure and light a tread. The book proceeds at a rush, as if it were written in a single burst of the creative effort.

Its theme is the tragic outworking of a father's attempt to rear a boy on a theory. Some of the love passages descriptive of Richard and Lucy are among the most perfect bits of prose writing in the language. They have the rare merit of being lyrical without falling into the prose meters that deface some of the best work in Dickens, for instance.

And this novel was free from the crackling epigram and staccato style that are an annoyance to the fastidious reader and that limit popular appreciation.

In "Evan Harrington" he elaborated a satire on social discriminations, the chief character in which was the son of a tailor.

His "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," appearing in 1862, showed that he had authentic though limited inspiration as a lyric poet. Throughout his poetry, as well as in almost all his prose, the intellectual quality is dominant—a talent for analysis, a desire to reveal the motives in human action, to probe conduct, the rendering of the "soft play of life itself."

In "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," Meredith wrote a romantic adventurous novel, with dashes of "high life" at court interspersed with gipsy wanderings. It is the predecessor and model of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the multitude of high-colored, swift-moving novels of adventure.

"The Egoist" has made the strongest appeal of any of Meredith's novels to the Brahmanic few who enjoy the spectacle of ruthless character analysis. The book is a piece of spiritual surgery performed upon the hero, Sir Willoughby Patterne, who believes that the world, and particularly the world of women, excels for the purpose of perpetual adoration of his excellencies.

The opening chapter is akin to Meredith's famous 1897 essay on "Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit" in its "appreciation" of the "comic spirit" in life.

"Diana of the Crossways" was the searching study of a witty and beautiful woman who revealed a Government secret to a newspaper.

This list, with "The Tragic Comedians," probably covers Meredith's most competent and lasting work. His study of Ferdinand Lassalle in "The Tragic Comedians" has been accepted by critics and social democrats alike as just and fair to the "tribune of the people."

Other of his novels are "Sandra Belloni," "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "Lord Ormond and His Aminta." He also published later volumes of verse.

The closing years of his life Meredith lived in Flint Cottage, Boxhill, Surrey.



Holding Up a Nation's Mail

An episode in the May Paris strike of postal employees, some thousands of whom are claiming the right to unionize and affiliate with labor unions in private industry

aided in the formal dedication of a noble public building. The Auditorium seats 7,500 persons. On the opening night every seat was taken, and such an audience assembled as only a few cities of the world could have accommodated in a single public building. In addition to the world-famous "evening stars," the Auditorium chorus of five hundred voices sang "Tannhäuser" music, and the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra of seventy-two musicians accompanied the various "numbers."

Atlanta is justifiably proud of her new building. No conference, convention, or musical assemblage that could crowd into London or Paris would overwhelm her. She is ready to play hostess to the world's best. The Atlanta "Constitution" says: "Perhaps it is not too ambitious even to look forward to the coming in the not very distant future of a great national political convention."

Raisin Day

SOME of the California newspapers are lamenting that California's Raisin Day has not made much of a sensation in Eastern circles. A sovereign commonwealth devised a playful dodge for advertising a home-grown product, and too much silence followed the effort. Here, then, is at least a slight attempt at amends.

Raisin Day was instituted and fittingly celebrated in several parts of California on April 30. Its purpose was to aid the raisin-producing counties, such as Yolo, San Diego, Tulare, Sutter, Fresno, and Kings, to market their crops and to advertise to the great world that in raisins California has a toothsome product.

In San Francisco the celebration was enthusiastic. All public eating-places sprinkled the menu with raisins.

The Return of the Sky Pilots

TO A LAND that gave them scant honor and no contracts, the Wright Brothers return laden with trophy. As inventors of the first successful heavier-than-air machine, Wilbur and Orville Wright have had a triumphal tour on the Continent. More like royalty than anything else it was. In money they have made a fortune that would go far in Dayton, Ohio. As celebrities the crowd will gather and surge about them inside of ten minutes in any civilized country. They have won medals of honor and prizes for competitive success. And there are persistent rumors of contracts with the Governments of France, Italy, Germany, England, and Russia. Sixty aeroplanes of their design are now building.

The Wrights arrived at the port of New York on May 11. The dinner in their honor of the Aero Club on May 12 was notable in the absence of the men who should have been there. The brothers Wright made their customary two-minute speeches, tactful, modest, and non-informing. On the following day they went to their home in Dayton. President Taft presents to them gold medals, awarded by the Aero Club, on June 10 at the White House. At that time they will fly on the Fort Myer grounds. In the early fall they return to the hospitalities of Europe.

In answering a reporter's question about the future of the aeroplane, Orville Wright said: "I do not believe that the aeroplane will ever be a regular passenger carrier. Neither will it carry freight. Its province will be more in the nature of a special conveyance for quick transit, more like an automobile, only its operator will not have to confine himself to defined routes of travel."

The time is coming when the new product will be standardized. The Wrights have been quoted as establishing a minimum price for an aeroplane at \$7,500; and a price of \$25,000 for a high-speed and commodious cloud-skirter.

These men in their genius and modesty have "done us proud." It approaches the time when we should be willing to commit ourselves to official recognition. Even now we shall be almost the last of the nations.

Tuberculosis and the Employer

MANUFACTURERS in Worcester, Massachusetts, are open-minded men. In Worcester, city and county, enough of them have placed their names to a contract to affect the welfare of 20,000 employees. It was the result of a recent talk given at the factory of the Royal Worcester Corset Company by Dr. M. G. Overlock, State Inspector of Health. David Fanning, president of the company, announced that if any of his 1,200 employees fell ill of consumption he would receive thirteen weeks' treatment at the Rutland Sanatorium free of charge, at the expense of the corporation. This is the probationary period in the treatment of the disease. Mr. Fanning agreed in writing to pay the four dollars week charged by the sanatorium. Other manufacturers followed him in signing the contract. The noonday talk by the health inspector is being continued through the sixteen health districts of the State, containing 22,000 manufacturing establishments. If the idea spread from district to district, from State to State, and from nation to nation, it would help to turn the fight against tuberculosis. The employer guaranteeing expert care of the employee means two things: the removal of the sufferer from proximity to a multitude of fellow workers and proper care for the patient.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE SENATE had its first line-up on an important matter when the vote was taken on free iron ore. And that vote demonstrated that the Democratic Party in the Senate is even more demoralized than in the House—has bolted even farther and more riotously away from the ancient position of the Democracy as a party in opposition to the protective-tariff idea. Among the traditions and principles of the Democratic Party free iron ore is one of the oldest and most conspicuous. When the Democrats last controlled the Lower House of Congress they passed a tariff, and in that tariff iron ore was free. When the bill went to the Senate free iron ore was changed to a duty of forty cents per ton; and that was one of the two changes which caused Grover Cleveland to cry "perfidy and dishonor."

The Reasons for Free Iron Ore

WHATEVER the reasons for free iron ore sixteen years ago, they are more than doubled now when by far the greater bulk of the available iron ore in the United States has passed within the monopoly of a single corporation. It was in recognition of this condition that Mr. Payne and his committee, in framing the present bill, put iron ore on the free list. With that status the bill passed the Lower House. In the Senate Mr. Aldrich's Finance Committee made the change to twenty-five cents a ton. In the debate on adopting or rejecting this change to twenty-five cents a ton, a Republican Senator from Michigan, Mr. Smith, argued for the duty as a protection to his local industry; a Republican from a State in exactly the same situation, Nelson of Minnesota, said his people did not need this duty, and argued that "if we want to build up independent competitors of the steel trust, we ought to give them this advantage" of free iron ore. Dolliver of Iowa made the same argument, saying:

"There is one thing which, in my judgment, will gradually shoot through and through the steel monopoly, if one exists in the United States, and that is to give American capital easy access to the materials out of which iron and steel are made."

The two promises of the Democratic Party, to fight monopoly and reduce tariff burdens, would be fulfilled by free iron ore.

Senators Who Voted for Free Iron Ore

FINALLY came the vote. That ballot found twenty-four Senators out of the ninety-one in all voting for free iron ore. These are their names:

Beveridge, R.	Culberson, D.	La Follette, R.
Borah, R.	Cummins, R.	Nelson, R.
Bristow, R.	Curtis, R.	Newlands, D.
Brown, R.	Dolliver, R.	Overman, D.
Burkett, R.	du Pont, R.	Rayner, D.
Clapp, R.	Gamble, R.	Shively, D.
Clarke, D.	Gore, D.	Smith (Md.), D.
Crawford, R.	Hughes, D.	Smith (S. C.), D.

Now mark this fact: out of those twenty-four who voted for free iron ore, fourteen are Republicans—more Republicans than Democrats are found fighting against protection on an important raw material. The ten Democrats on that list are the only ones among the entire party representation in the Senate who voted for free iron ore—ten Democrats out of thirty-two.

Are These Men Democrats?

THESE are the Democrats in the Senate who voted against free iron ore and in favor of a duty of twenty-five cents a ton. They compose nearly two-thirds of all the Democrats in the Senate:

Bacon of Georgia	Fletcher of Florida	Paynter of Kentucky
Bailey of Texas	Foster of Louisiana	Simmons of North Carolina
Bankhead of Alabama	Frazier of Tennessee	Stone of Missouri
Chamberlain of Oregon	Johnston of Alabama	Taliaferro of Florida
Clay of Georgia	McEnery of Louisiana	Taylor of Tennessee
Daniel of Virginia	Martin of Virginia	Tillman of South Carolina

A Matter of Fact

THIS paragraph deals with a question of fact. Whether or not there ought to be a tariff on crude oil is one question; whether the men who are in Washington advocating that tariff are Standard Oil agents, or

are independent producers, is another question. That there should be much confusion on the latter question is not surprising, since it has long been the custom of the Standard Oil Company to do business under many aliases, and to cloak itself in inscrutability. The matter is settled by the following paragraph from a letter written by Miss Ida M. Tarbell:

"There is no question in my mind of the entire independence of the oil producers and oil refiners who are now in Washington petitioning Congress for a duty on crude oil. I have known many of them all my life, and am more or less familiar with their business careers. As to their contention that free crude oil would be a serious handicap to them in their competition with the Standard Oil Company, and an advantage to the Standard, they are undoubtedly right, if Mexico turns out the tremendous oil producer that oil men are predicting. If the field does not develop as they seem to think it will, there is nothing in the world for them to fear from free crude. As you know, I am myself a thorough believer in free raw materials, *including oil*, and I wish that the independent oil men felt that they were in a strong enough position to risk free crude oil. Their courage would be a great help in tariff reform, for undoubtedly, as things look now, there will be much more reason for a duty on crude oil than there is for one on wool, hides, coal, or iron ore."

If Congress puts the tariff on crude oil, the consumer in the immediate future will pay more for his petroleum, just as he will pay more for his steel and his clothes and his shoes if Congress puts a tariff on iron ore and wool and hides. So much is undeniable. Oil is in that respect on the same footing as other raw materials.

A wonderful pool of oil, of unexampled richness, is discovered within a few hundred miles of the boundary of the United States. To make the path between this store of natural wealth and the citizen who uses kerosene just as broad and smooth as possible ought, it would seem, to be the most obvious function of Government. If it is true that doing this would play into the hands of a great monopoly, then there should be some more direct means of dealing with monopoly than through a high tariff. This is free-trade doctrine, and perhaps it is the counsel of perfection. On the other hand, for the independents who, during the past ten years, under favorable State and national legislation, have fought a slowly winning fight against a great monopoly, sympathy is human. And two matters of fact are clear: it is the independents—not the Standard Oil Company—who are asking for the tariff on oil; and a Congressman who votes for this tariff is in exactly the same position as one who votes for a tariff on lumber, or ore, or coal, or hides, and is entitled to credit for the same degree of good faith.

The Voiceless Consumer

SENATOR SIMMONS of North Carolina, defending his position in favor of the present tariff on lumber:

"I have had letters and telegrams by the hundred from the people of my State protesting against putting lumber upon the free list. I have had no letter to the contrary. It is said that the farmers are demanding cheaper lumber and expecting to get it. I have not had a single letter from a farmer of my State asking me to vote to have this duty removed or reduced."

There are more people who want cheap lumber to build homes than are engaged in selling lumber. But business is organized, vigilant,

and working all the time. Not only do they flood Congressmen and Senators with letters and telegrams, inspired by painstaking committees; they fill the Washington hotels and crowd the corridors of the Capitol. Senator Aldrich was right when he said that ninety-nine out of every hundred people who appear before the Finance Committee ask to have the tariff raised. The rich, and those who work for the rich, are making themselves heard. The forlorn ineffectiveness of those who bear the burden of the tariff is a pathetic spectacle.

The Democratic Question

SENATOR ISIDOR RAYNER of Maryland, speaking:

"Where am I and what am I? These are the momentous problems that are surging in upon me. . . . Where do I stand? . . . Am I a Democrat, for instance, on free hides, and a Republican on peanuts? Am I a protectionist on zinc ore and pig-iron and a revenue reformer on pineapples?"

Senator Rayner is a Cleveland Democrat who believes in a tariff for revenue. There are few such Democratic Senators left.

Shall Your Foods be Drugged or Not?

Much has been said about Benzoate of Soda in foods. It is not a matter, however, of mere press or political discussion—it is a vital health question that concerns you and your family.

Experts here and abroad, including Dr. Wiley, who has stood for the health of the American people for 25 years, have said that Benzoate of Soda in foods has an injurious effect upon the digestive organs. Benzoate of Soda is not a food. It is a tasteless, odorless drug made from coal tar.

Although used in many well-known brands of foods, the greatest danger in this drug is that it permits the use of inferior raw materials, as well as slipshod, unsanitary methods. In short, it is safe to assume that its use indicates uncleanliness or bad materials. It is never used to improve good materials. Does it mean anything to you that no manufacturer who uses Benzoate of Soda defends its use in his advertising?

Products of the best manufacturers (of whom there are many) do not contain or need Benzoate of Soda, because they are made of approved materials in clean surroundings.

Heinz "57 Varieties"—Ketchup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, etc., etc., are prepared without Benzoate of Soda or any other drug—yet they may be purchased any time, anywhere, with absolute confidence in their keeping quality. Money returned if you are not pleased.

No person need accept a food containing Benzoate of Soda, for the law protects you by requiring its presence to be stated on the label. This statement is generally hidden in obscure type, an acknowledgment in itself of the maker's desire to conceal it. Read all type on labels; it is for you to choose whether food brought to your own table, or served to you on a public table, shall be drugged or not.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY.

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products.

Will you accept \$5 a day for your services?



You can earn more than \$5.00 a day at the start, and as much more as you care to make. You can establish yourself in a pleasant, profitable and permanent business that makes you independent.

You Take No Risk

You do not invest one cent in this business until you prove you make the money at it. You risk nothing, and are paid well for what you do.

You know the principle of the vacuum cleaner business, and how it has made housecleaning the work of hours instead of days.

What I want to prove is that you can make a fine income with the most perfect and convenient vacuum cleaner. The

Duntley Standard Vacuum Cleaner

embodies every principle and improvement known to the big wagon cleaners, and costly installed plants, yet it weighs only about 50 lbs.

You can take one of these machines into a house and remove every particle of dust and dirt from every room without taking up the carpets and without moving furniture, and do it ten times as thoroughly and in one-tenth the time.

The Duntley Portable Cleaner sucks the dirt out of the house. It does all and more than the big wagon cleaners can possibly do, and costs only a fraction as much originally and less to operate. This means bigger profits to you.

How The Business Increases

Every housewife who has a rug or room cleaned by the Duntley Cleaner, is so thoroughly satisfied that she wants a Duntley Cleaner for her own use—which you sell to her at a handsome profit. She tells her friends about you. You get their orders. Their friends give you more orders, both for cleaning and for machines. The more customers you get, the more customers will get you.

My "Pay From Profit" Plan

I want one good, honest, active man or woman in every city or town—no matter how small, where houses are lighted by electricity, to write for my "Pay from Profit" plan. Establish you in business, show you how it is done, and assure you an income of at least \$5.00 a day while learning.

Mail me your name and address. Don't spend one cent until you prove the truth of everything I say. Whether you want to go into the business for yourself, or whether you want to prove the economy and satisfaction of the Duntley Portable Cleaner in your home, take advantage of my offer.

Write Me for the Plan Today

The offer is made to you now—today. It is your great opportunity to start in a new business—in a coming business—in a profitable business—in a business of your own that will grow bigger each year. You simply write me and ask for my "Pay from Profit Plan." Do it now—at once.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., Duntley Mfg. Co., Chicago

Fill out and mail this coupon today

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 402 Plymouth Bldg., Chicago.

Dear Sir—Tell me how I can earn \$5.00 a day with a Duntley Cleaner, on your "Pay from Profit Plan."

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

Occupation.....

The shave that is like a caress means either a good barber or an

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

(Stropper and Razor in One—Strops Itself)

The only razor with which anyone can strop automatically, correctly and quickly without removing the blade, and shave with a barber's velvet smoothness. Combines all the good points of both "safety" and "old style."

Send for our booklet "Shaving Sense" Free if you send us your dealer's name

AUTO STROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. Dept. K, 345 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY 61 New Oxford St., London 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



Standard outfit—Self-stropping, silver-plated Razor, 12 blades and five Horsehair Strops contained in Leather case, \$5. Money back if not satisfied after 30 days' trial

Runs Under All Conditions

of weather and road. Speed from ten to 20 miles per hour. Best car for service in emergencies. Reliable and safe. Absolutely guaranteed best material—workmanship. Fired out all about

MCINTYRE Motor Vehicles
by writing postal today for free book. No blow-outs—punctures or any other trouble. The only dependable car, in a d—. Price from \$375 up according to style of body. Write for Catalog No. 50 today.

W. H. MCINTYRE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA
256-257 Broadway, New York. 1730 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian factory, Fults-McIntyre Co., Orléans, Ont.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

"Where Thieves Break In"

(Continued from page 14)

sometimes all dressed up, and I tried to talk like he did. He thought I was traveling and didn't want to be bothered. But I couldn't see him much—was I going to drag him down, just as I'd got him started right? Not much. "Go and visit your friends, o' course," I used to tell him, "and you can write to me." The best schools I picked out, the very best. And they came high. But I was good for it.

He shifted and rubbed his eyes.

"I had a hunch when I bought the ticket," he muttered. "It just come over me: 'You ought not to go to a place you got the idea of from Jim.' And everything so still, and the stuff so easy. And the last time, too—the last time."

"But Jim—he thought—" Lindsay prompted. A dreadful curiosity held him.

"So then he wrote. 'Of course it's Yale, dad,' he wrote; 'we're all going up together. You don't mind if it costs a little to get settled, do you?' And was I going to go to him—he was head of his class, mind you—and say: 'The Trust has treated me the way I wouldn't treat a dog—it's all up with me and you? I can go back and be foreman again at the works—we're bought up, chewed up, and spit out like a wad o' paper?' Not much, I guess. No. Here's where I quit the honesty game, I said, for it don't pay. You stole my patient, and I shut up because I couldn't afford to fight you. Now, I says, since my boy's education has been stole from me, I'll steal it back, and only from them that can afford it, too! And I'll use no lawyer to do it, either, and no trick-work with papers. I'll get it straight from the big thieves that pass the plate on Sundays."

Lindsay listened to Caroline moving over their heads; her steps seemed the only reality in this horrid dream.

"It will just about kill Jim," he said.

"It would have killed him not to go to college," the man returned sharply, "and he had a right to go."

"But, good heavens, there are ways—he could have earned money—he's clever enough to work his way through a dozen colleges!" Lindsay cried despairingly.

"There wasn't any working his way through for my boy," said the man with a cunning grin. "I've done enough o' that for the family, thank you. So did his mother—she died of it. No, there's money enough for all, and it only needs a little planning. Take from the kind that takes from your kind—they'll never miss it. I've just done for myself, and only wanted to get my twenty-five hundred a year for Jim—and enough to dress as I may need to."

Lindsay cleared his throat.

"Do you mean to say that Jim never asked you what your business was?"

"He didn't know I ever changed till last month. He thought I traveled for the comp'ny. Of course, he didn't like that any too well—brought up as he's been—and I guess he thought 'twould be kinder to me not to mention it much. He thought I didn't know, but I did. Last month—last month—" The man paused and bit his lips.

"Well, last month?" Lindsay repeated.

"I got my hunch to quit. That fortune woman and—other things. The doctor told me to keep quiet. And I sort of fixed it up with Jim in a letter. I told him I was going to send him one more thousand for graduatin' with and I was going to let him try for himself after that. I knew that was all right, because he's told me of plenty of rich young swells who had to. Fathers believed in it."

"He was going with Buck Williamson on the ranch," said Lindsay slowly.

"That's it! Buck Williamson. He asked me wouldn't I look 'em up after they got settled and try it out there. It was an awful nice letter," said the man softly. "He's a real gentleman."

Lindsay looked toward the dining-room.

"Was this the 'thousand'?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"I've never been with him more than a day or two, and I thought I'd go up to Yale this spring—when he graduated—and see him. And then—I was planning to drop out. Of course I never meant to see him much. I was always deadly afraid something'd happen. But I've been careful."

"But your friends—" Lindsay was wrong with an angry pity.

"I don't care for much of anybody but Jim," said the man.

Caroline was moving about in the dining-room again. Lindsay shook himself.

"Of course this is very awkward for me," he began. "I mean—I—oh, the devil! You know what I've got to do, of course?"

The man looked appealingly at him. "You've got it all back," he said quickly, "and you know Jim—"

"Yes, plague take it!—I know Jim," the boy muttered. "We all know Jim."

"Known well, isn't he?" the man inquired

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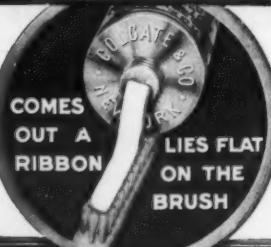
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eagerly. "There's no cleverer scholar there, much cleverer, I mean, is there?" Lindsay shook his head. "Not that amounts to anything," he said shortly. "I'll bet there's no better fellow there than Jim—none of the big bugs?"

"There is no better fellow anywhere," said Lindsay.

Caroline tapped fretfully on the door. "Aren't we ever going, Lin?" she begged; "it's all put back."

"Yes, yes, in a minute!" he answered, and turned to the man. "I'm mighty sorry to have to do it," he began; "it's a horrible thing to do, but I can't see that there are any two ways about it. I don't want to hear you say any more. If you'll come quietly, well and good. If it was anybody else—but in my uncle's house—and—well, will you come?"

The man sighed. He looked ten years older. "All right," he said, "I didn't know but—well, never mind. My nerve's gone. I never had a failure, you see. But it's hard. Jim was telling me last month about this singer that he'd heard was so careless, and I noted it down for use some day. He never said his friends lived here. I—it makes me feel dreadful when I think how he'd feel if he knew I'd been working his friends—he'd never stand for that, Jim wouldn't. It makes me feel—oh, well, what's the odds? But I wish you didn't belong to Yale College."

Lindsay scowled, motioning to the door. "Shut up and come on, will you?" he blurted. The man got up.

"I guess I won't see Jim again, then," he said. "There isn't one chance in a hundred he'll ever know, but I couldn't explain why I didn't go up to New Haven, nor send the thousand, and it'll be five years, anyhow—ten, maybe. And I shan't hold out that. The doctor only gave me two."

"Ten years? Oh, no," Lindsay cried.

"It's grand larceny," said the man.

"Lin, Lin, come on!" called Caroline.

"You've got the pin, and I'll tear the picture up," said the man. "I've got it all planned, o' course—I give the name of Barker. And—if Jim ever says anything to you or any of his friends about me being mean about the thousand, when I'd promised it, just kind of give a hint, will you, that things may have happened so's I couldn't? I hope he'll think I died. I wish he was through Yale, though. The thousand won't make any difference with graduatin', will it?"

Lindsay swallowed hard; his nerves were strained to snapping.

"Good God, no!" he shouted. He opened the window and threw the revolver away.

"Get out!" he said briefly, turning to the man. "Get out of my sight! If Jim ever receives another penny from you, I'll tell him all I know."

The man swayed toward the chair. "Do you mean it?" he gasped. "Honest?"

He began to sob and choke a little.

"Get out!" Lindsay repeated, looking persistently sidewise. The man leaned over and fumbled for the picture on the floor, found it, and straightened himself.

Suddenly he leaped back and fell into the chair again; a dreadful pallor reached the roots of his hair.

"All up, I guess—twice to-day— Jim, good-by," he said very quickly, and rolled against Lindsay, holding the picture tight.

"Lin! If you don't come pretty soon—" Caroline pushed open the door a little.

"Hush! Run and bring that whisky!" Lindsay whispered with a frightened face.

She waited outside while he labored mysteriously, breathing hard.

"Is Mr. Barker sick, Lin?" she whispered fearfully when he returned to the door.

"Y-yes. I guess he's pretty sick," he said slowly, stepping out and turning the knob carefully. The dining-room reeked with the whisky on his hands and coat.

"We'll go for the doctor," he went on, "both of us, because we'll have to fix—you needn't hurry so, Caroline. There's no—we don't have to hurry." He tried the outside door twice, to make sure it was latched, and glanced hastily at the windows. "I'd better wire Uncle Joe," he said, half aloud; "he'll know what to do—oh, there's the dog. Come on, Hamlet—he's Buck Williamson's—gentle as a kitten."

"Yes, he'll know," she repeated contentedly, reaching for Hamlet's black muzzle.

"But I don't think that was right, do you, Lin, even for a joke?" she queried, following him down the side path.

"No," he agreed briefly.

"Wasn't it funny he had one of your pins?"

Lindsay stopped short and almost faced her. He looked very young and tired.

"I swear, Caroline, I believe worse men have worn it!" he said.

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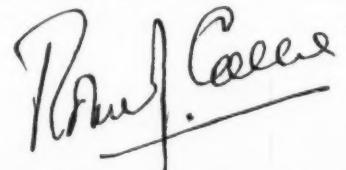
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Friends in the House

BY MILDRED McNEAL-SWEENEY

THHEY have never a word to say. Each one turns a quiet back And sits, a little monk in gray, Or sober brown, or honest black.

BEHIND the guests of my desire I make fast the outer door. And lo! before the crumbling fire These aicait one mute word more.

AND when at dawn, from out my ease Up springs some half-forgotten care, At my bed's head, thinking peace, Two and three, the monks are there.

IN THE noon when traffic swims Like a gulf about my brain, One that has gone out with me Divides with me the press and pain.

AND he comes in with me at night And no word and makes no sound: But sits within the candle light And calls the gentle brothers round.

AND from the coults, fallen low with time, I have all kind and human looks, And life once more sings out in rime. . . . The happy brothers are my books.

By Airship from London to Quebec

RUDYARD KIPLING'S power to dramatize machinery and the peculiar tang and sweep of what might be called his geographical poetry were perhaps never more vividly exhibited than his airship story of the year 2000 A. D., published in "McClure's Magazine" a few years ago. He not only constructed an airship, perfectly plausible for literary purposes, but his story was firmly set in a background of entirely new experience. His airship people had their own lingo, as well-worn apparently because of the slang of sailors and railroad men to-day. The latter part of that stirring flight, with the "dawn-gust" tingling on the taut skin of the "Postal Packet 162," the dark being crammed back over her bow and the sun coming up the curve of the earth behind, was a work of real imagination, a *tour de force* which no one else could have done.

By printing on one side of the paper, using wide margins, and adding fanciful advertisements "from the contemporary magazine in which it appeared," the story is now padded into a book and published by Doubleday, Page & Company. "With the Night Mail" is quite the best airship story yet written.

A. R.

Good Temper in Controversy

IT IS as it should be when a clergyman has the boldness to lead thought. This Professor Walter Rauschenbusch has done in his book "Christianity and the Social Crisis." There is scarcely a book on a controversial matter since the "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" in such all-perfect tone. It is good to move about amid that serenity, that fairness and tender courtesy to opponents, that avoidance of dogmatism. Men begin to listen when we give our hopes and conclusions tentatively in a quiet voice. So Professor Rauschenbusch is winning many readers in this urgent but temperate appeal. He feels that the Christian Church fails to see and then to seize its opportunity in the present worldwide crusade against poverty. He believes that the common people are going to gain a more just distribution of opportunity, and he fears that the Church will continue to play a hesitant part in that ongoing.

It is a little more than a coincidence that the rejuvenating plans of the conservative Socialists, such as Thomas Kirkup, should precisely duplicate the social reforms of modern philanthropy. Kirkup and Rauschenbusch ask for no single item of change that is not called for by the charity organization societies. There is only one point at which they differ. Philanthropists believe that the present industrial structure will permit all their beneficent tinkering without sagging at the center or breaking off at the rims. The other folks say with equal cheerfulness "go ahead. Abolish child labor, overwork, underpay. Fight congestion, tuberculosis, the saloon evil. When you've made your alterations, you will have broken down the competitive system."

One says you will have the same old fellow, only sounder. The other says you will have a new man and; particularly, a new woman when you have administered the drugs and used the knife. A. H. G.

More of Ferrero

TO A large part of the human race, history means dullness. To others it may be as interesting as anything outside of our immediate private concerns and the relative standing of the Chicago and Pittsburg Baseball Clubs. If you like history at all, you can hardly fail to be interested in Ferrero, and his fifth volume is better fitted for general popularity even than the preceding four. It has to do with the reign of Augustus, and treats largely of social questions not very different from those which we are all talking about to-day, such as luxury, divorce, war and peace, and the relations of various classes. Signor Ferrero is the same man in this volume that he was in the preceding four. It must be remembered that he is a very young man for a historian, and it may well be that his arrogance and love of sensational effect will vanish as he grows older. Time and again, in this volume, he takes a position with emphasis obviously because it is the opposite of the position which has been taken by all ancient and modern historians. He is, in short, in this regard, the George Bernard Shaw of history. Granted this weakness, his books are, nevertheless, very stimulating and decidedly worth while. This volume especially will give a great deal to think about to any one who is interested in public affairs, and moreover, it accomplishes the difficult feat of treating history from the economic and political standpoint, rather than from the standpoint of battles and personalities, and at the same time making it readable. Signor Ferrero is extremely interested in Augustus, who had a type of mind which he is able to grasp much more adequately than he could grasp the mind of a genius like Julius Caesar. This interest helps him to give a larger proportion of positive thought and interpretation and a smaller proportion of mere combative ness than he gave in most of the other volumes.

N. H.

One Man's Reading

FROM one interesting letter relating to literature we clip the following:

"What I have in mind to read now is the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall' (spread of Mohammedanism), 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'Merchant of Venice.' My character is slowly dissolving, I fancy. For instance, I'd just as soon read the Fiftieth Chapter of 'Decline and Fall'—but the whole thing straight off—no. I did the first two volumes, when I was younger, straight off. Doubt if I could now. Recently saw Sothern in 'Hamlet.' Think he makes him too robust, insufficiently neurotic, but a great performance. Bob Davis's play—"The Family"—is, I understand, a hit here. Haven't seen it. Liked your editorial about Mademoiselle Kellerman. She and her sisters ought to be cast for the Rhine Maidens—that's obvious.

"I'm going to patronize vaudeville instead of drama my Wednesdays in town. It is the expression of America, and drama is exotic here."

A Wells Novel

"TONO-BUNGAY" is good for the inquiring mind. It is by H. G. Wells, and is the latest and most human and interesting of his more recent stories.

With mature skill the philosophy of the intellectual Socialist is woven into the history of three people—Uncle Ponderevo, originator and promoter of the patent medicine "Tono-Bungay, the Secret of Vigor"; Aunt Susan, his optimistic wife; and the waif nephew, business manager for his imaginative uncle and even-tempered observer of the absurd life drama.

Wells is a lover of his trade. It is a delight to follow his sentences. He has created half a dozen characters that any reader with curiosity will be glad to meet. The whole group is real. Lovers, promoters, maiden ladies, servants, shopkeepers live through the pages. It is a novel with a purpose, but a novel which would be alive even without its purpose.

J. M. O.

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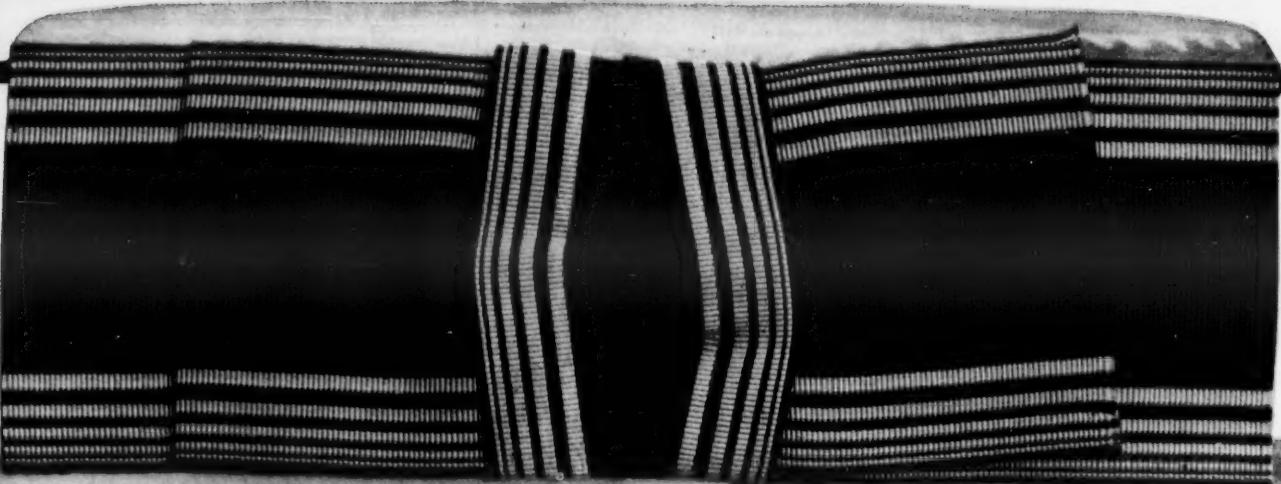
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